

JANUARY 29, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 583.—Vol. XXIII.

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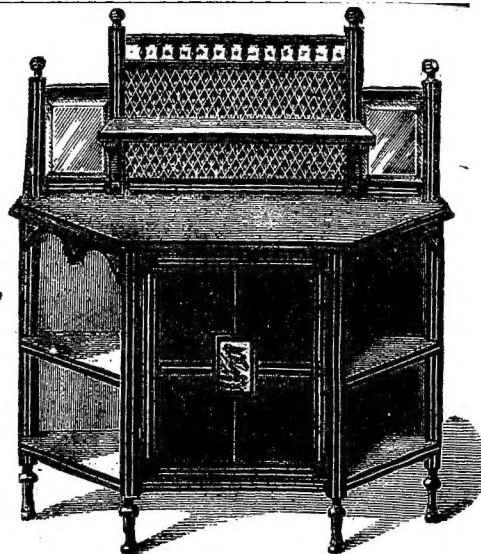
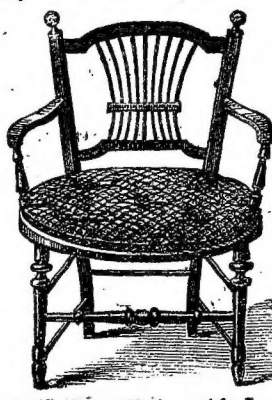
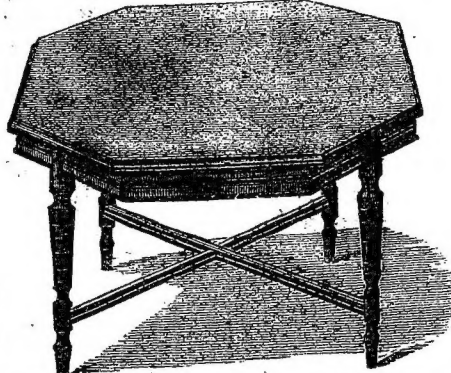
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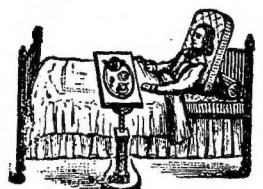
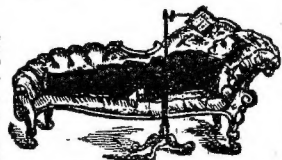
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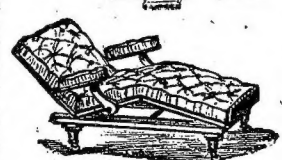
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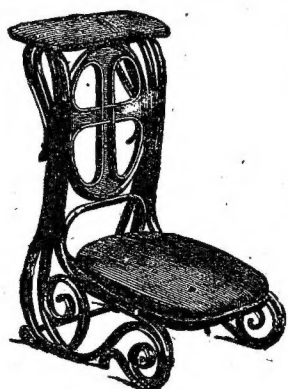
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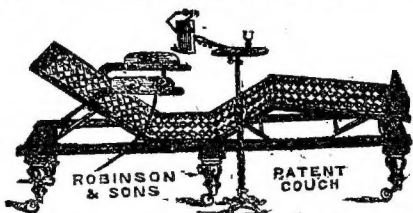
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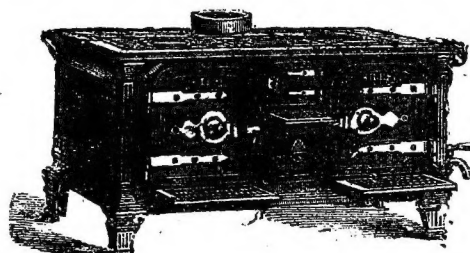
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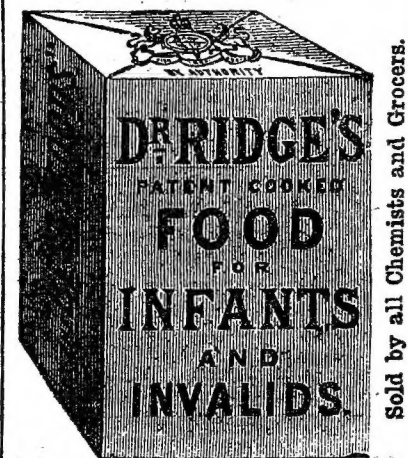
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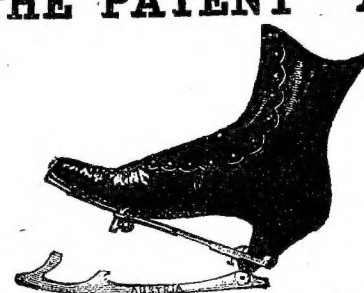
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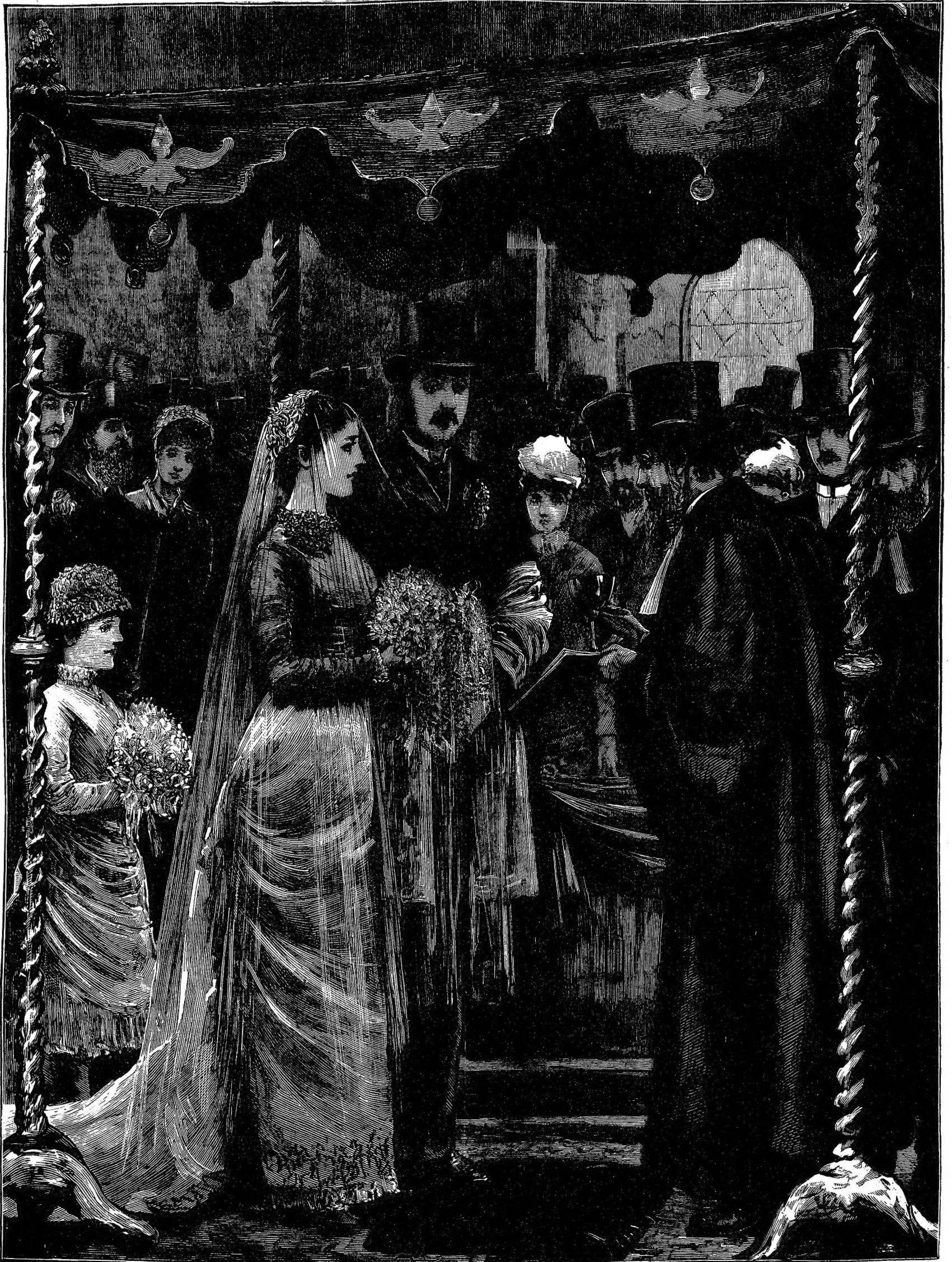
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 583.—VOL. XXIII.
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1881

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THE MARRIAGE OF MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD AND MDLLE. MARIE PERUGIA IN THE CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE,
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Topics of the Week

OBSTRUCTION.—It seems likely that the Government will soon be compelled to deal in earnest with the urgent question of Obstruction. The experience of the present Session has sufficed to show how formidable are the powers possessed by any body of members who, caring nothing for English public opinion, are determined to postpone legislation to which they are opposed. Probably, however, the leaders of the Conservative party have acted wisely in declining to support the *clôture* in any form. The introduction of this system would give the Home Rulers an excuse for saying that Parliament had despotically prevented even legitimate discussion; and it is important that they should have no pretext for making any such accusation. Obstruction alone is what the nation wishes to see abolished; and it has not been proved that this cannot be done by measures tending to make offending members personally amenable. Besides, it is necessary to look beyond the troubles by which Parliament is at present perplexed. These Irish disputes cannot go on for ever; they must by and by be overcome in some way or another. Questions affecting England and Scotland will then come to the front; and there are signs that they will be questions of the highest significance. Modern Radicals are not remarkable for patience or toleration, and if the *clôture* were established, who can say that they would not make use of it to hurry through Parliament measures which ought to receive long and careful attention? We are approaching a time when the rights of minorities may be in imminent danger; and the Conservatives show true political instinct in considering with caution any proposal to sacrifice these rights for the purpose of getting rid of a temporary annoyance.

PROTECTION TO LIFE AND PROPERTY IN IRELAND.—As we took occasion to observe last week, the Government are suffering—and, which is more to be regretted, the country is suffering also—from the violence and exaggeration of the speeches which some of them, and notably their chief, made just before they got into office. Lord Beaconsfield did wrong in everything, he was not merely a blunderer, but a criminal. On the eve of the election Lord Beaconsfield solemnly warned his countrymen that mischief was brewing in Ireland. The caution was disregarded, and the new Ministers, to show how utterly they despised it, resolved to govern Ireland without the Peace Preservation Act. It must have been most mortifying to Mr. Gladstone's pride to confess that the ex-Premier was right (as he usually is when he makes such authoritative statements), and that he himself, as regarded Ireland, had been living in a fool's Paradise. Partly for this reason, and partly because he had some colleagues who were rather pleased than otherwise to see landlords baited, Mr. Gladstone suffered Ireland to drift into a state of anarchy beyond example. Not only did he fail to advise any exceptional legislation, but even the existing laws were apathetically administered. There was an instinctive feeling among Irish officials that too much zeal would be unpalatable in Downing Street. At last the rising indignation of his countrymen compelled Mr. Gladstone to do something, or at least to profess to do something. His 9th of November speech was regarded as satisfactory, and since then more vigour has been shown by the Irish Executive. Parliament was summoned to meet a month before its time, and at last the Government are trying to bring in what is absurdly called a Coercion Bill. The word Coercion might with equal justice be applied to the laws which act in restraint of pick-pockets and garotters. The so-called coercion, if carried out, will not lessen the liberty of a single law-abiding person, while, on the other hand, it will lift a great many unfortunates out of the atmosphere of terror and tyranny in which they have been steeped for months past. Mr. Forster's opening speech was conclusive enough; its main fault was that it ought to have been made weeks before. But when will these Coercion Bills pass? Judging from the Home Rulers' present tactics, not before the middle of September, apparently. The temporary extinction of Mr. Biggar is of little use, there are always half a dozen patriots ready to take his place. Already the House is getting to be regarded rather as a playhouse where sensational "scenes" are to be witnessed than as a grave legislative chamber; it must resolve on a thorough revival of its antiquated forms, or it will come to be viewed as a law-making machine which may be curious, but which is certainly unable to do its allotted work.

THE NEW CONFERENCE.—Turkey has proposed that a new Conference, consisting of the Ambassadors in Constantinople, should assemble in that city; and it is probable that the scheme will be adopted, notwithstanding the resistance of Greece. The Conference would be of considerable service if it led the Greeks to see that they have no absolute right to the territory they claim. Their theory is that such a right was conferred on them by the decision of the Berlin Conference; but they could hardly maintain this pretension if the decision were formally rescinded by Europe. The truth is, as M. Saint-Hilaire has plainly stated, that the Powers never intended to issue a final decree respecting the matters in dispute; they simply attempted to mediate between the two contending States, suggesting what appeared to them to

be a fair settlement. The Porte having declined to follow their counsels, the action of the Berlin Conference ceases, or should cease, to have the slightest practical interest. Although Turkey will not make such large concessions as were originally demanded of her, she displays a remarkably conciliatory temper; and there can be little doubt that the Greeks, if they chose, might obtain peacefully a very valuable accession of territory. They protest that nothing will induce them to depart from their present position; but if Europe is satisfied with Turkey's offers, it may be questioned whether their protestations will lead to any very serious result. They are beginning to understand that a war with the Porte would be a formidable undertaking, since they have now little reason to hope that they would receive aid either from France or England.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.—Unlike their predecessors in 1843, which we are old enough to remember, these proceedings have excited but a very languid interest either in this country or in Ireland. There was a foregone conclusion that the traversers would not be convicted, and the forecast has proved correct. In a country such as Ireland is at the present time the burden was too grievous to be cast upon any twelve men. As fellow-creatures we cannot blame the jurymen for being unable to agree; it is such a nice way of getting out of a very painful position. And now we should like to know the motive of the Government in resolving on these trials. As they have cost a great deal of money, which directly or indirectly will come out of John Bull's pocket, we have a right to ask the question. Did they honestly believe that Mr. Parnell and his friends would be frightened by this rusty blunderbuss pointed at their heads; did they foresee the *fiasco*, and merely bring on the trials just as a temporary "sop to Cerberus," that is to, all law-abiding Irishmen; or, lastly, did they institute this costly experiment as a means of testing the efficacy of the jury-system in Ireland? Whatever was their object, it is plain that Irish juries cannot be trusted to convict in agrarian cases, however strong the evidence may be. The mass of the people are honest and well-intentioned, but they are cowed by the conspiracy which ramifies all over the country. Hence the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act ought to be supplemented by other measures, unless the Government mean to keep men in prison indefinitely without bringing them to trial, a plan which will cause far more odium than if a few offenders, whose guilt is clearly proved, should be convicted by a Court acting under the nomination of the Crown.

FRANCE AND PEACE.—There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of M. Gambetta's pacific statements at the opening of the French Chamber the other day. At the present moment France has evidently not the slightest desire to take part in any enterprise which might lead to war. On the contrary, she is almost nervously anxious to avoid even the appearance of a threatening policy. M. de Freycinet was anything but an ambitious Foreign Minister, yet there is evidence in the new Yellow Book that the nation would have wished him to act with more caution. His successor seems to have no other object than to convince Europe that, whatever may happen in the East, France will keep herself out of trouble; and M. Gambetta has been compelled to bring himself into harmony with the general sentiment. So strong is the desire for peace that a good many people seem to have persuaded themselves that in all calculations respecting future changes in Europe France may be left out of account. A semi-official Berlin paper has stated rather prominently that this belief is not shared in Germany; and it seems to us that the Germans are right in declining to accept hasty conclusions about a matter of so much importance. The recollection of the last war is still fresh in the minds of Frenchmen, but it must be remembered that a generation is growing up to which the events of the conflict will be merely matter of history. This new generation will have more confidence in the strength of France than the men who are now in power; and it is not likely to have to deal with so formidable a statesman in Germany as Prince Bismarck. It would, therefore, be dangerous to assume that the present temper of the country is certain to last; and it may be doubted whether even now France would permit the fulfilment of schemes hostile to her interests.

CHILI AND PERU.—War is always a calamity, but it seems an especial calamity in a vast continent where the scanty populations have so much useful work to do in subduing the immense wilderness which spreads around them. Under such circumstances war seems absolutely wicked. Yet the recent war in South America (we wish we could call it the late war) had a quasi-commercial origin. Chili had rights in the desert of Atacama (a region rich in nitrate), which Bolivia, backed by Peru, strove to abrogate. Hence the contest, in which most impartial persons felt that Chili had on her side the preponderance of right. In this case Providence has not been altogether on the side of the big battalions; the industrial energy which has rendered Chili prosperous in peace has made her efficient in war; and, in spite of the boasted ironclad *Huascar*, both her adversaries lie at her mercy, unless the Peruvians choose to pursue indefinitely a guerilla warfare in the vast interior of their country. But it is to be hoped that conditions of peace may shortly be arranged. Chili cannot fairly be blamed for desiring a material guarantee in the form of territory. Being

victorious, she naturally desires to be recouped for the cost of the war, and if she agrees merely to accept an indemnity, she may whistle for her money, as Peruvian bondholders know too well. If, however, she is placed in possession of part of the coveted nitrate region, she will be assured a certain revenue.

"TRADITIONAL SENTIMENT."—The Irish Land Commissioners have recommended the adoption of the Three F's; and the ground of their recommendation is that we ought to "recognise by legislation the abiding and prevailing traditional sentiment that the cultivator has a property in the soil he cultivates." It would be difficult to find a less satisfactory reason than this for a great scheme of reform. If the tenants have a traditional sentiment that their farms belong to them, the landlords have a traditional sentiment of a precisely opposite character; and there can be no good reason why the sentiment of the one class should be respected more than that of the other. If Legislatures began to regulate their decisions by considerations of sentiment, there would be no end to the changes which they would find it necessary to introduce. Among a large class of people all over Europe there is a very powerful traditional sentiment that private property is robbery, and that the wealth of the world should be equally divided. The Irish Commissioners would scarcely say that this feeling should be acted on, yet if mere feeling affords a valid argument for legislation in one case, it ought to do so in all cases. It is peculiarly unfortunate that vague talk of this kind should have been indulged in with respect to an Irish grievance; for it has always been the tendency of the Irish to claim that they should be treated in accordance with some higher law than that of justice and expediency. Their feeling about the land is not at all stronger than their feeling about national independence; and were the land laws changed in deference to sentiment, England could not consistently decline to concede Home Rule.

REMOVAL OF SNOW.—The thaw has at last come to relieve us of our difficulties, but if horses could talk, and combine, and agitate, they would soon let us know that the burning or melting question of the day has been the snow question. They have endured severe hardships during the past week; struggling through snow fetlock-deep, stumbling over wood pavement covered with a sheet of ice, or travelling with their feet in a slush of salted snow thirty-two degrees colder than ice. The removal of snow in Paris appears to be managed with a systematic thoroughness which is altogether wanting in London. In Paris they have fifty thousand men at work, besides snow-ploughs and other contrivances. London, which is twice as big, has not had a tenth part of the number, even if we include all the snow scavengers employed by private persons. Sir J. Hogg tells us that nearly nine millions of tons of snow fell last week in the London district, the inference being that it is impossible speedily to remove such a quantity. So it would be, if all the snow must perforce be carted into the Thames, or taken a long way off. But, except in the narrow lanes of the City, this entire removal is needless. In all streets of moderate width, the snow can be heaped up at the edge of the foot-way, and if a sufficiently powerful brigade had been in existence, this might have been effected with ease when the snow first fell. If this had been done at once, the snow would not have been there to melt slightly and then freeze again, so as to make wood pavements almost impassable by horses. But pending this big and probably unattainable reform, some very inexpensive precautions would have done much good. A few barrow-loads of sand, judiciously sprinkled over certain peculiarly slippery places, would have made the heart of many a poor horse leap for joy. Surely the Vestries might manage so small a matter as this.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "TAKING A DIVISION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—THE TELLERS AT THE TABLE."—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 108 and 117.

"CHERRY RIPE."

This Picture, Reprinted in Fourteen Colours, from the Painting by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. (and forming a portion of the last Christmas Number of THE GRAPHIC, which is now out of print), is still on sale at the Office, and can be procured through any Bookseller or Newsagent for

ONE SHILLING.

This announcement is made to correct the rumour that the Picture itself is also out of print, in consequence of which a premium is being demanded by some Agents.

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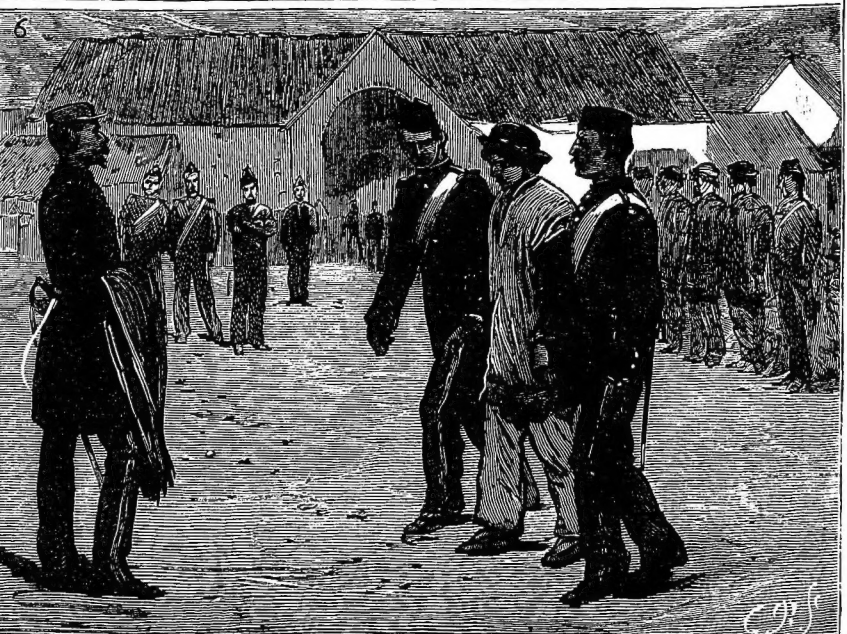
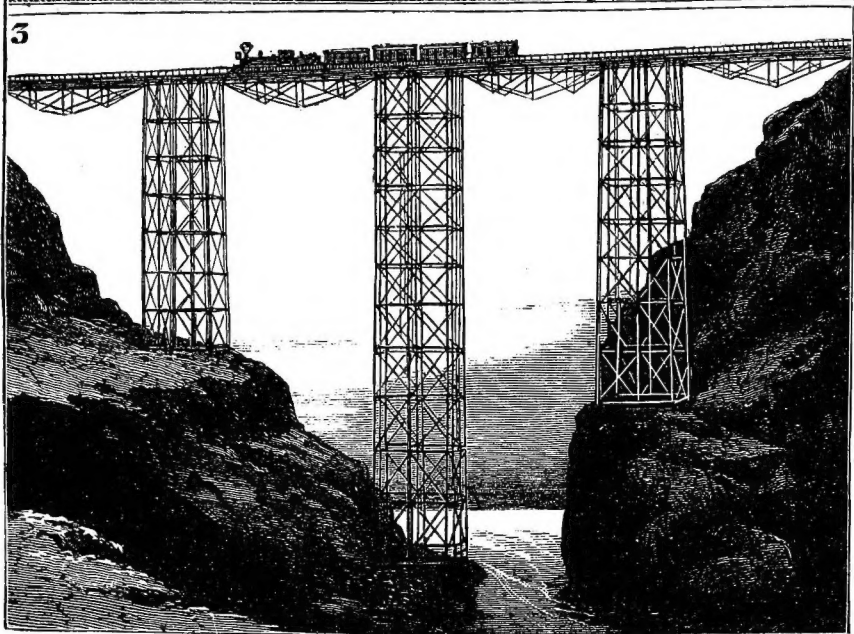
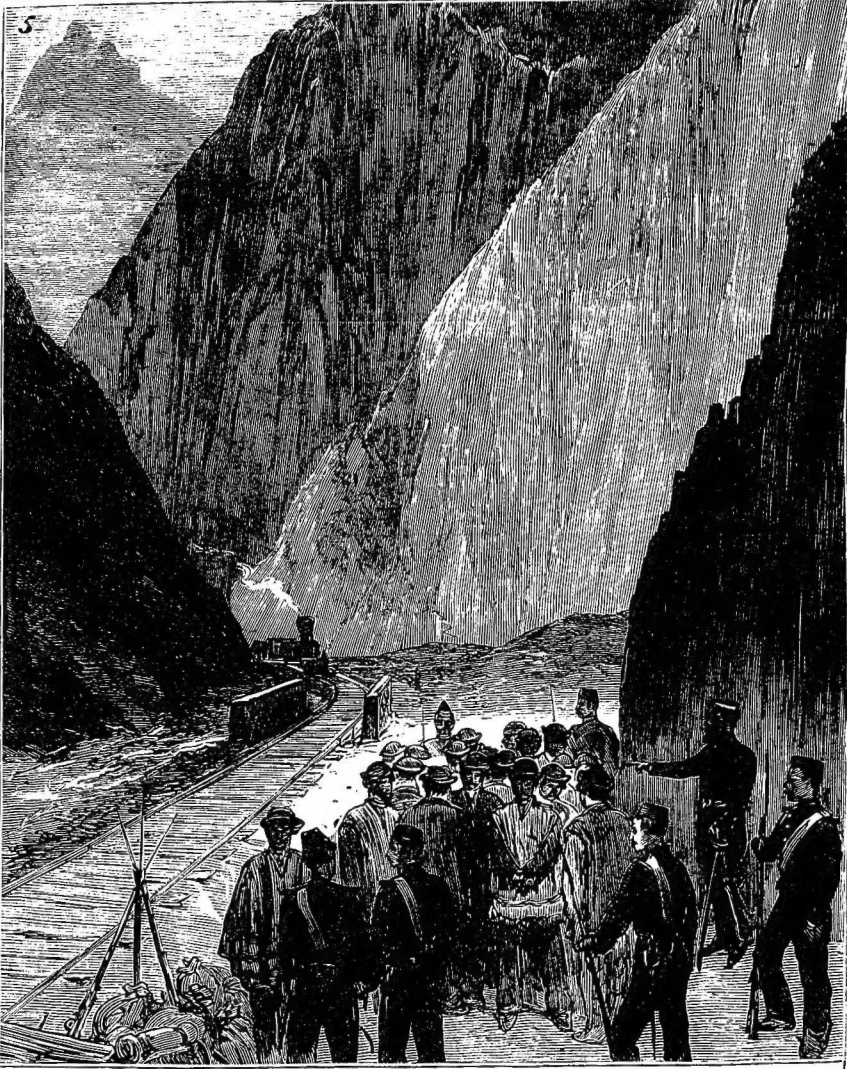
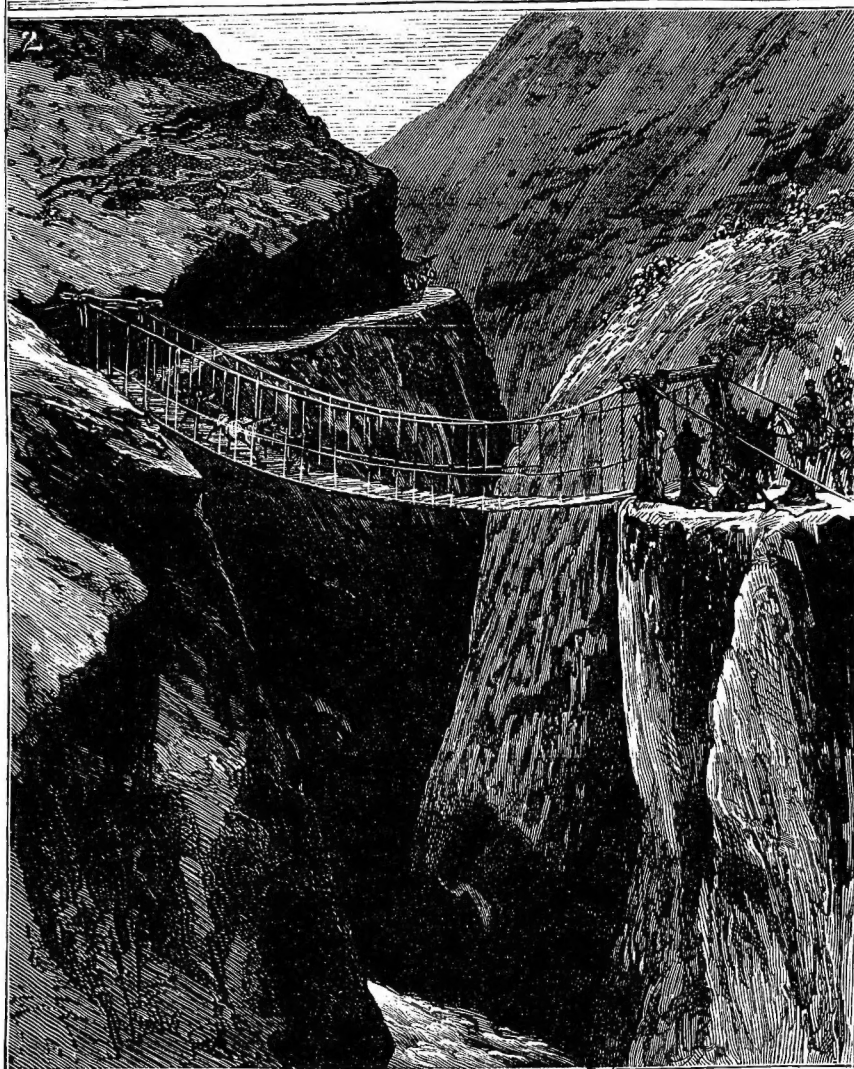
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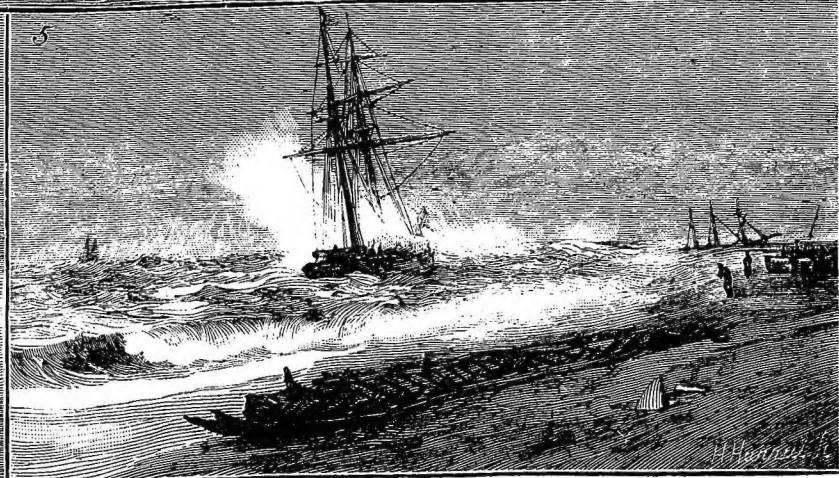
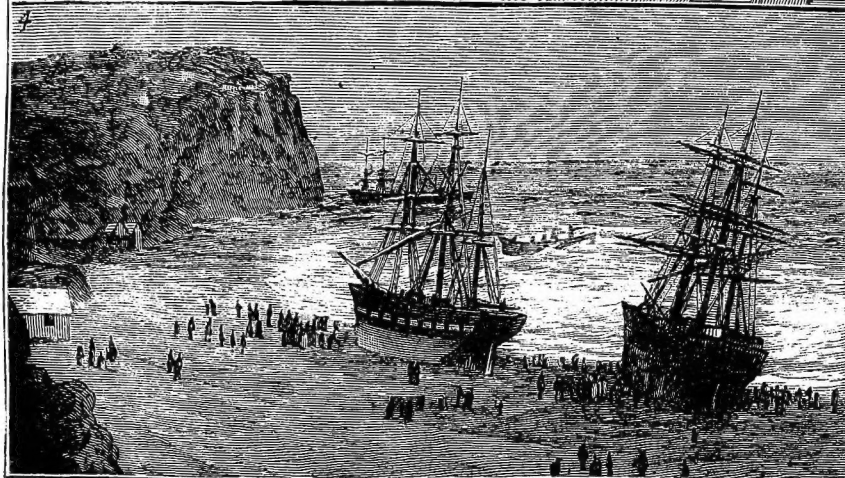
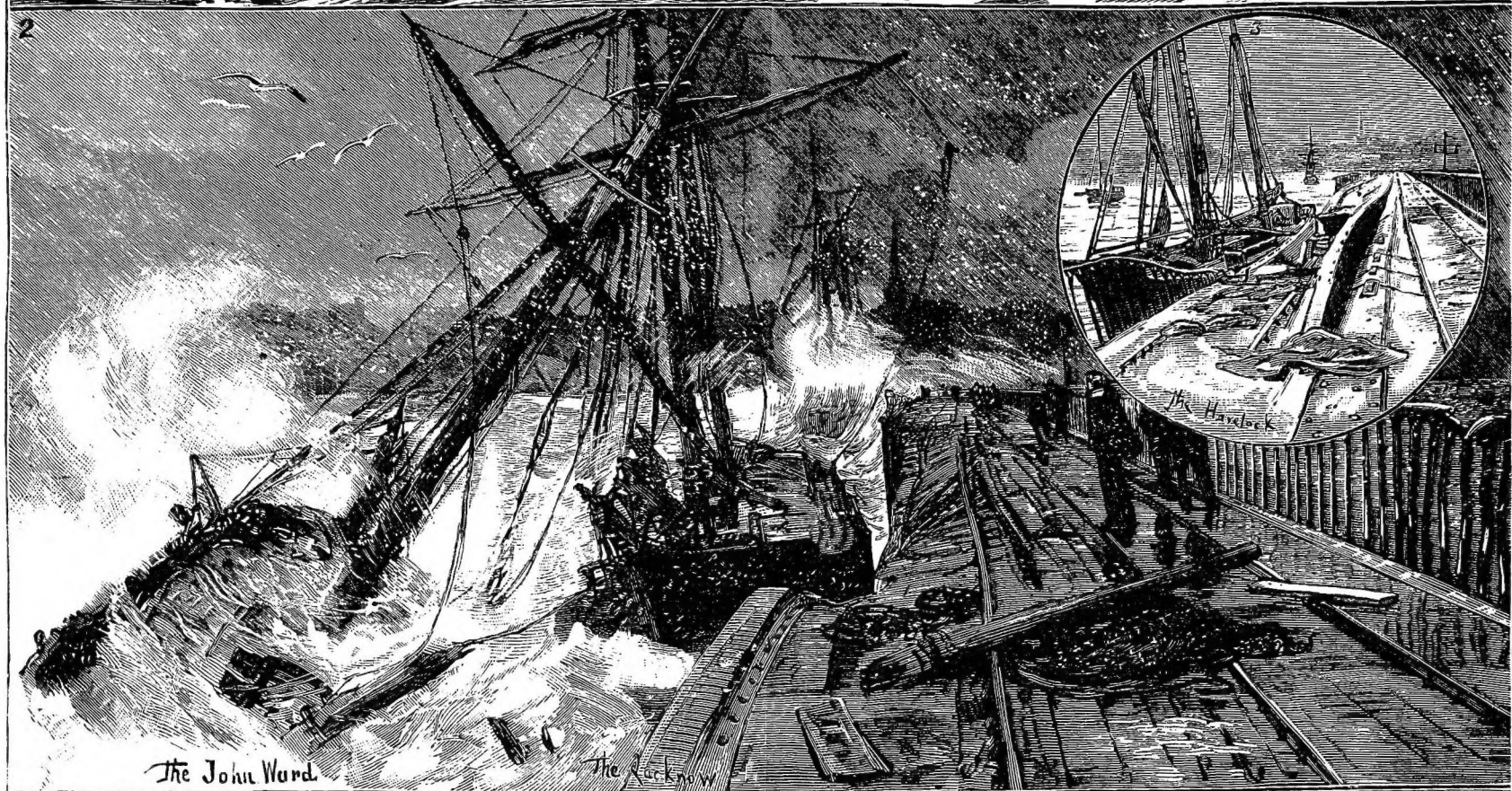
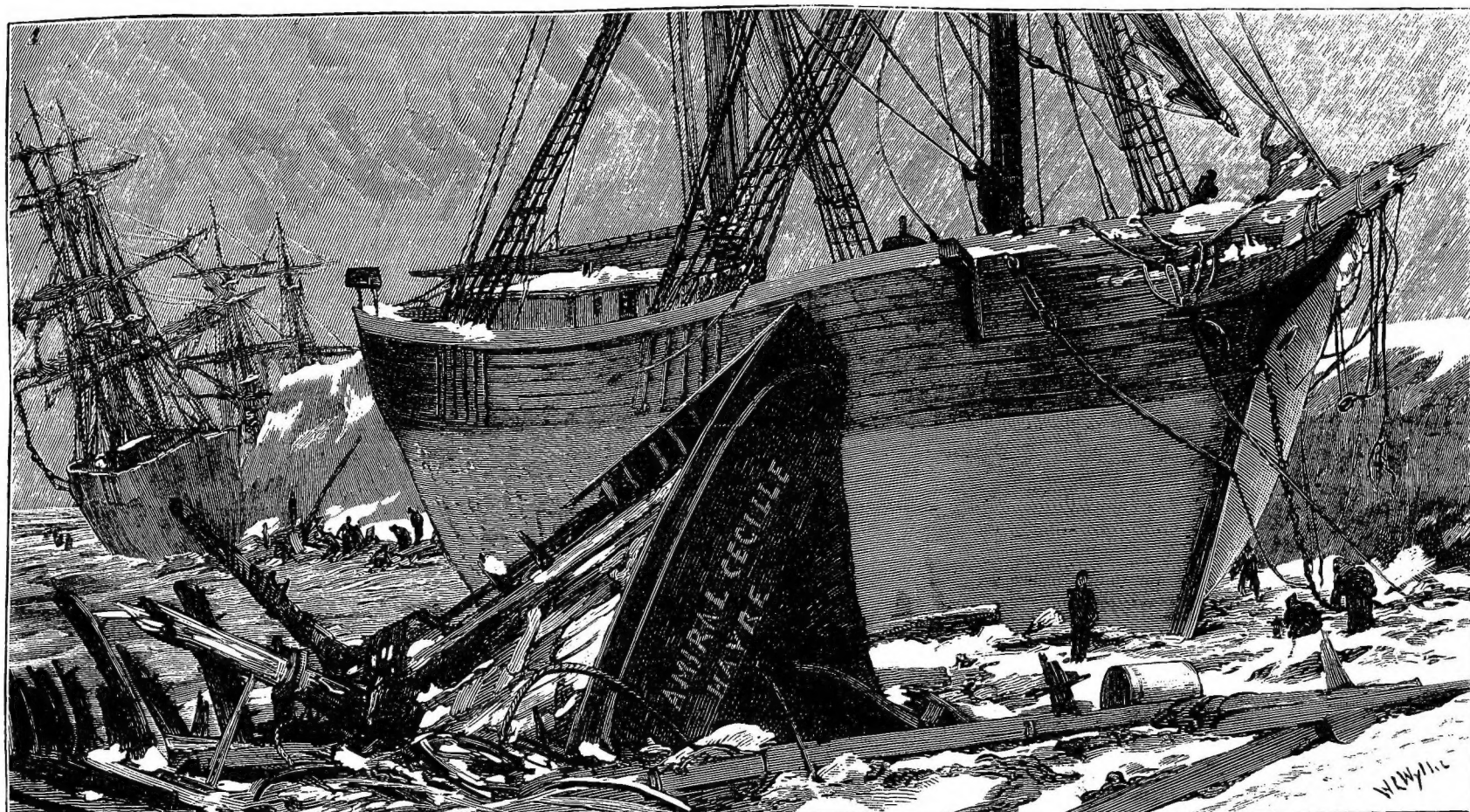
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RECENTLY, at Malta, Surgeon Henry Grier, of the Army Medical Department, had performed the operation of tracheotomy on an officer (Lieut. Graham, 2nd Battalion 10th Regiment) who was suffering from virulent diphtheria. The tube having become stopped, and the patient being in imminent danger of suffocation, Mr. Grier, at the risk of his own life, applied his mouth to the instrument, and sucked out the accumulated matter. The patient unfortunately succumbed a day or two afterwards from exhaustion. For this heroic endeavour to save the patient's life, Her Majesty the Queen has awarded Dr. Grier the Albert



1. The Raw Material and the Finished Article : Cavalry.—2. Returning to Lima : Crossing an Indian Bridge.—3. Crossing the Verrugas Viaduct, 240 feet high.—4. The Raw Material and the Finished Article : Infantry.—5. Waiting for the Train at Tambo de Viso, 10,000 feet above the Sea.—6. Bringing in Recruits at Viso.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA—RECRUITING FOR THE PERUVIAN ARMY IN THE CORDILLERA



1. Vessels Ashore at Lavernock Point, near Cardiff, after the Gale of January 13th.—2. The *John Ward* and the *Lucknow* on Ryde Pier.—3. The *Havelock* on Ryde Pier.—4. Penarth Beach from the "Look Out" after the Gale.—5. Yarmouth Beach: the *Guiding Star* and other Vessels off Yarmouth.

THE GREAT SNOWSTORM AND GALE—WRECKS ON THE COAST

Medal. A full account of the action is given in the *Lancet* of December 25th, page 1,035, but it is only fair to the medical profession to remark that many civilians have performed similar feats, and have, in some instances, lost their lives in consequence. Being merely civilians, their bravery has been unrecognised and unwarded. Mr. Grier is a son of the late Staff Surgeon Grier, R.N., who served in the Chinese War, and a grandson of Dr. Charles Grier, a distinguished Army Surgeon. Dr. Henry Grier was born in 1852 at Longford in Ireland. He was a distinguished pupil of the Carmichael School of Medicine, Dublin, where amongst other prizes he gained the prize for Chemistry in 1872. He was also educated at the Queen's College, Cork, the Mater Misericordiae, Meath, and Rotunda Hospital. Previous to entering the Army he was a Resident Assistant at the Cork Maternity, and was also for some time in private practice in his native town. After leaving Netley he made a short tour of home service, and was then sent to Malta, where he has been stationed for the last two years. He is a Licentiate of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland (1873) and of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow (1875).—Our portrait is from a photograph by Samuel, 30, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

THE LATE CAPTAIN FALLS

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER LAWRENCE FALLS, of the 21st Regiment (Royal Scots Fusiliers), was killed on the 17th ult. while defending Potchefstroom from the Boer attack. It appears that the first intimation of the attack was some firing heard in the direction of the military camp outside the town. Major Clarke asked the cause, and received the signal, "Boers firing on mounted infantry, who returned fire." The town was then cleared, and armed bodies forbidden to enter it. Very shortly after a large party of armed Boers entered the market-place, and the firing was begun, the Boers taking up secure positions from which a steady fire was kept up all day. Soon after the firing began Captain Falls was shot in the breast, and immediately fell dead. He was talking to Major Clarke a moment previously. Captain Falls obtained his first commission on December 18th, 1867, became a Lieutenant in 1871, and a Captain November 12th, 1878. He served with his regiment in the late Zulu war, and in the operations against Secoceni, including the storming of that chieftain's stronghold.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Beattie, 10, Chapel Street, Preston.

COLONEL BELLAIRS, C.B.

COLONEL BELLAIRS, C.B., who by the latest accounts was still beleaguered by the Boers at Potchefstroom, is a younger son of the late Sir William Bellairst, of Mulbarton, Norfolk. He served throughout the Eastern campaign of 1854-56, from the landing in Turkey to the evacuation of the Crimea. He was Adjutant of his Regiment at the Alma, led the left wing into action at Inkerman, and his conduct on that day was specially mentioned in despatches, and is narrated in Mr. Kinglake's History. In 1861, when war with the United States appeared imminent in consequence of the seizure of the Confederate envoys on board the *Trent*, he was specially selected as one of the chief staff officers when the Guards went to Canada. He acted as Adjutant and Quarter-Master-General throughout the war in Kaffraria in 1878; and commanded the combined forces on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony during the Gaiika rebellion. He afterwards served throughout the Zulu Campaign in the same capacity of Adjutant and Quarter-Master-General, and commanded the laager during the final battle of Ulundi.

His name was continually mentioned in despatches during these South African services, and he was made a C.B. He had the Distinguished Service reward conferred on him, and was named to the important, and, as it turned out, critical post of Commandant of the troops at the Transvaal. Colonel Bellairst is also a Knight of the Legion of Honour and of the Order of the Medjidie.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. F. Gros, Pretoria, South Africa.

THE MASSACRE OF A MAN-O-WAR'S BOAT'S CREW IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

ON October 13th H.M.'s Schooner *Sandfly* was anchored at Tezenboka, one of the Solomon Islands, and Lieutenant Bower, the commander, started to make a short surveying trip on the east coast of the Florida Islands in the whale boat, with five men. As Lieutenant Bower did not return on the date he had fixed, the schooner weighed anchor, and a search was made for the ill-fated party—the gig being despatched in another direction. The gig, however, returned after a fruitless search, but found that one of the men with Lieutenant Bower had been picked up off a neighbouring island by the *Sandfly*. He told the following story:—Lieutenant Bower had landed with the crew on Nogu Island, and the boat being hauled up two of the men, Carne and O'Neil, asked leave to bathe. This was granted to them, and another, Venton, being left to take charge of the boat, the two remaining men, Savage and Paterson, walked along the beach with their commander. Paterson then went back, and Savage suddenly was startled by hearing loud yells, and running to the spot saw about fifty natives round the boat. He shouted to Lieutenant Bower, "The boat is attacked," and the lieutenant coming to see for himself was espied by the natives, whereupon he made off into the bush, and, it subsequently appears, eluded pursuit for a time by climbing a tree. There, however, the natives ultimately discovered him, and landing shot him with the rifles found in the boat. When his body was found, it had been horribly mutilated. The men who had been bathing were clubbed at once, but Venton appears to have fought for his life, though it is believed that subsequently he was tied to a stake, tortured, and then slowly beheaded as a punishment for his resistance. As for Savage, he ran into the scrub near the beach, and swam out to sea; and after some hours—being at one time actually espied and pursued by the natives, he reached an uninhabited island, and thence paddled on a raft to the mainland. Here he was taken charge of by a more friendly tribe, and subsequently seeing the *Sandfly* passing the island in her search succeeded in making his signals perceived, and was taken on board. The vessel sailed on to Rita Bay, right opposite where the murders were committed, and a boat's crew was landed to chastise the natives and burn the canoes. No natives, however, were seen until they pushed off to return to the ship, when the savages rushed from the bush, and opened fire, killing one man, and wounding another. Next day the *Sandfly* weighed anchor and started for Sydney, whence H.M.S. *Emerald* has now been despatched to punish the perpetrators of the outrage.

"THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET"

A NEW STORY by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated by Mr. Charles Green, is continued on page 109.

A SITTING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

See page 114.

A DAY WITH THE STAG-HOUNDS

HUNTING the carted deer is rather an artificial kind of sport; but in a thickly-peopled highly-cultivated country like this, it is, a few districts excepted, the only kind of stag-hunting available. Nor can the charge of cruelty be sustained so easily against this as against some kinds of hunting. It may be doubtful whether eels get accustomed to skinning, but it is quite certain, to use the words of "Stonehenge," that "when the same deer is hunted from twelve to twenty times in the season, he at last becomes so used to the

gallop as to show little fear of the hounds." Besides, in order to get his wind into good condition, he has been accustomed to numerous rehearsals of the hunting, being daily driven round his paddock at a moderate pace by men on horseback or muzzled hounds. Then the stag-hound is a much more tractable creature than the fox-hound, and though sometimes, when the finale arrives, and the stag stands at bay, the presence of the huntsman or whipper-in is necessary to prevent the hounds helping themselves to a slice of the haunch, their behaviour is usually most polite, and they suffer the deer to be hobbled without attempting to fasten upon him.

Our artist has taken rather a satirical view of this pastime. At the beginning there is a large field of riders who gallop as hard and as long as they can, but as most of their steeds, whatever else they may be, are not jumpers, the first hedge thins the field considerably. Sarcasm culminates in the third picture. What a terrific to-do, he exclaims, about such a small matter! Quite a multitude of 'ounds and 'orsemen, and all after this poor little deer!

WINTER ASPECT OF THE MINNEHAWA FALLS

THESE Falls are situated in the State of Minnesota, between the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. They owe their popularity rather to the mention made of them in Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha" than to their magnitude or picturesque quality. Though here shown with a considerable amount of water rushing over them, they often dwindle to a very scanty flow. Mrs. Eastman, in her "Legends of the Sioux," observes, "The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. Between the fort and the Falls of St. Anthony are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians call them Minnehaha, or 'Laughing Waters.'"—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant G. H. Lane, 101st Fusiliers, of Halifax.

NOTES IN QUEENSLAND

"OLD Bank of New South Wales at Georgetown."—Georgetown is the capital of a gold-mining district, situated in the tropical North, on the Etheridge, a tributary of the Gilbert River, not far from the Gulf of Carpentaria, and no less than 1,100 miles north-west of Brisbane. The interest of this sketch is chiefly moral. It bears witness to the remarkable absence of crime among the Queensland diggers. Insecure as was this primitive structure, no attempt was ever made to attack and rob it. As much as 10,000 ounces of gold have been lying in the bank awaiting escort, yet the manager and his officers, who slept in a calico verandah behind the building, had no occasion to keep watch and ward over their treasure.

"Gold Escort on the March."—At stated periods an escort, consisting of a sub-inspector of police, a sergeant, and six white troopers, is despatched from Georgetown to convey the accumulated gold to Cardwell, 250 miles distant. The escort rarely follows a beaten road, but strikes across the country in a bee-line. Some immense swamps have to be crossed, and a very tedious and dangerous pass over the high coast-range has to be traversed. Every night a camp is formed, the gold-packs are removed from the horses and stowed inside the officers' tent, the men's tent is pitched, and the horses hobbled out. Some collect firewood, others attend to the cooking. After supper, all hands turn in, excepting the sentry, who is relieved every four hours.

"A Night Alarm" occasionally occurs. The blacks are numerous and hostile in this district, and should they chance to be near a white man's camp they often spear the horses, and sometimes murder their owners. When an alarm of blacks occurs, the horses invariably make a rush for the fire, and remain horror-stricken until their masters have scoured the neighbourhood and restored peace.

"A Cattle Station in the Far North."—The wealthy sheep and cattle owners of the southern colonies of Australia live at the present day in a thoroughly luxurious and civilised style; in fact, very much as country squires do in England; but life is necessarily much rougher in newly-opened districts. Timber in many parts of the Far North of Queensland is exceedingly scarce, building stone is equally unattainable, and so the homestead has to be mainly constructed of saplings and grass. The owner of ten thousand cattle, therefore, may live in no better buildings than those depicted in our sketch. The absence of "cosiness," however, is scarcely felt, as, except during the rainy season (which occurs in the summer) the squatter and his family can live under the verandah.

"The Queensland Surveyor."—Surveyors find ample employment in a new country, where lands are constantly being opened up for selection. But, as our sketches are intended to show, the pecuniary result of their labours may be very different. The best farming lands, for example, are dense "scrubs" or jungle, through which a road has to be hewn with axe and tomahawk, so as to leave a clear track for the use of the theodolite. Even the 50 per cent. extra pay allotted to "scrub" surveyors does not compensate them for their extra labour and expense. Contrariwise, the best pastoral lands are found on treeless grassy plains. Here the surveyor has a good time of it. He has no "stoppages" owing to swamps or timber or mountains, and he does not need to "chain" the land. He rides merrily over the level sward, followed by his men, one of whom trundles the "wheel" which registers the mileage, while the other rides alongside, and every now and then relieves the man on foot, in colonial phrase, "spells" him. Thus the pastoral surveyor earns far more than his unfortunate agricultural brother.



POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—Lord Cranbrook, speaking at Lincoln on Saturday, made an elaborate attack upon the home and foreign policy of the Government, condemning their action with regard to Ireland as having practically handed the country over to the Land Leaguers, and creating disorder where peace might have been secured. He, however, stated that he would support them in their coercive legislation.—At the annual meeting of the National Federation of Liberal Associations on Wednesday, a resolution was passed recognising the urgency of special legislation for Ireland.—Several meetings in support of the Government Coercion Bill have been held, and two or three protesting against it. The general opinion of the London and provincial Press, both Liberal and Conservative, appears to be in favour of the measure.

A SCOTCH MINISTER.—It is stated that a memorial to Mr. Gladstone is being extensively signed, asking for the appointment of a Minister of Scotch affairs. Sir W. Harcourt is said to favour the proposal, which will probably be adopted, though strong opposition may be expected from the Scotch Bar. Mr. Baxter is spoken of as the person most likely to be appointed to the new office.

SIR RICHARD COUCH has been appointed a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the room of the Right Hon. Mountague Bernard, D.C.L., resigned. Sir Richard was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1841, was appointed to a judgeship at Bombay in 1862, and has since occupied the position of Chief Justice of the High Court of Calcutta.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FENIAN SURPRISES are now being extensively taken. The barracks and other Government buildings at Chelsea, Knightsbridge, Woolwich, Windsor, Chatham, Ports-

mouth, and other places being guarded by double patrols of soldiers as well as by extra police. Many rumours are afloat as to information having been received by the Government with regard to the intentions of the Fenians, but no definite statement has yet been made public. The statement that the ironclad *Belleisle* had been ordered to the North of Ireland to intercept a cargo of arms which was to have been landed there has been contradicted. The vessel goes thither in the course of her ordinary cruise. No arrest has yet been made in connection with the explosion at Salford Barracks, but the police are said to possess information which would justify an apprehension, though, perhaps, not ensure a conviction. The inquest on the boy who was killed has resulted in a verdict of wilful murder against some unknown persons. It is now officially stated that the recent fire at the Custom House was the work of an incendiary. The Mayor of Liverpool has been in communication with the officer commanding the troops in the district, and also with the captain of the guard-ship in the Mersey, with the view to arrange for the landing of seamen for combined action with the military, in the event of any disturbance by the Irish inhabitants.

IRELAND.—The Dublin State Trial has ended, as many people anticipated and prophesied it would do, in the disagreement and discharge of the jury, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald very wisely deciding to avoid even the semblance of forcing a verdict by locking them up all night. His lordship's summing-up occupied the whole of Monday and part of Tuesday, and the jury, after a consultation of six hours and a half, assured him that there was no chance of an agreement being arrived at. One more communicative than the rest called out "There are ten for —," and though the sentence was either not finished, or was made inaudible by the cheers and hisses with which it was received, it is not difficult to guess on which side the majority were, especially as we are told that this very jurymen was one of the first to congratulate Mr. Parnell. The court was crowded, many ladies being present, and there was much cheering both inside and out when the result became known. Mr. Parnell and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, the only other member of Parliament present, were escorted to their hotel, and thence to the Holyhead steamer at North Wall by an enthusiastic crowd of admirers. At Cork, Dungarvan, and other places the triumph has been celebrated by illuminations and processions of bands, and bonfires were lighted on the hills for miles around. At Tuam some placards calling on the people to illuminate the town were torn down by the police, and the bill-stickers arrested, an interference which created great excitement. At a meeting of the Dublin Land League on Tuesday a Mr. Macken, who had served on the jury, was nominated as a member, and Mr. T. D. Sullivan said that the educational effect of the trial would be considerable, and that the League had to thank the Government for a great though unintentional service. Mr. Davitt, alluding to a hostile demonstration which had been made on Tuesday night outside the residences of the two jurymen who were supposed to have formed the minority, said that every man had a right to act according to his conscience, and that the fact of a Whig Government ruling Ireland by coercion did not justify them in adopting coercion among themselves. On Tuesday morning Mr. Parnell received a postcard, saying:—"Twelve of us will shoot you to-night, C.S.P., you rogue, if you are acquitted. If you escape we will shoot you. God save the Queen." Mr. Davitt has also just received a letter threatening his life and that of his chief. The trial has cost the Government much trouble and anxiety, and the country a good deal of money, and it remains to be seen whether further proceedings will be taken. The four men lately arrested for the murder of Lord Mountmorres have been discharged for lack of evidence. The boy who was on his lordship's car tried to evade kissing the book when being sworn, and said that he did not know the murderers, although he had previously told the police that he did. Another witness is stated to have been drunk, and to have abused the Crown Solicitor. In the Landed Estates Court on Wednesday, one of the counsel engaged in a case said that the tenants on the estate were willing to pay but were intimidated by an assassinating Land League and by two Roman Catholic priests.

THE LABOUR MARKET.—Frost and snow have caused an almost entire suspension of ordinary outdoor occupations, not only in London, but almost throughout the country, and great distress is the consequent result. Active measures are being taken for the relief of the sufferers; but the cry from almost every quarter is that the funds are insufficient. Although the colliers' strike in Lancashire is stated to be virtually over, the employers having agreed to the main propositions of the men, reports continue to come in of rioting brought about by collisions between the men on strike and those at work. On Tuesday two serious fights took place, one at Little Hulton, near Bolton; the other at Skelmersdale, near Wigan, at both of which sticks, stones, and lumps of coal were used as weapons, and some serious wounds were inflicted, and the police had the greatest difficulty to disperse the mob. On Saturday, at Alderbury, near Salisbury, a number of able-bodied paupers broke out of the Union, went into the town, and, returning intoxicated, broke nearly seven hundred panes of glass, smashed bedsteads and other things, threw beds and bedding into the yard, violently assaulted one of the inmates, and so injured a valuable St. Bernard dog belonging to the master that it had to be killed. Seven of the ringleaders who were subsequently arrested have been committed for trial.—In some parts of Ireland, too, the distress is driving people to desperation. At Swinford, Mayo, on Tuesday, 400 men marched in a body to the workhouse, and threatened to pull down the Board Room if they were not at once supplied with either bread or work; and at Kanturk, Cork, a similar demonstration was made by a band of eighty unemployed labourers.

THE DEFENCE OF LONDON.—On Saturday evening last, despite the depth of the snow and the intensity of the frost, the 2nd London Rifle Volunteers turned out for picket duty, route marching, and a kind of sham fight, in the northern suburbs of the metropolis. The manoeuvres lasted several hours, and the regiment did not get back to London until 11 P.M.

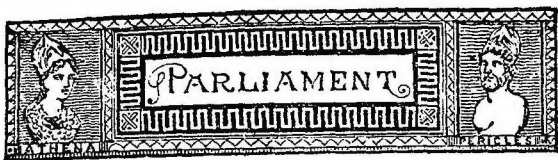
THE CORPORATION is, according to the *Citizen*, negotiating for the purchase of the New River Company.

ACCIDENT IN A THEATRE.—According to a report in a daily contemporary, two young children, engaged in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, West Bromwich, were the other night badly hurt by falling from a part of the transformation scene on to the stage below, a distance of fifteen feet. It is the general impression that pantomime "fairies" are securely fastened to the parts of the scenery upon which they are raised aloft, if this is not so, it is high time that some such regulation should be enforced.

THE PEN-Y-GRAG EXPLOSION.—The coroner's jury have returned a verdict to the effect that the recent explosion was caused by a "fall" releasing a quantity of gas, which became ignited by contact with the flame of a lamp, its great velocity causing it to penetrate the gauze. They declare it to have been accidental, but they strongly censure the manager for not complying with certain rules.

MORE BOILER EXPLOSIONS, resulting from the frost, are reported this week. At Blackheath a workman, who had been sent for to repair a leaky pipe, and who had disregarded a caution against lighting the fire, was killed by the explosion; and at several other places persons have been severely injured.

OBITUARY.—Among the deaths of notable persons recorded this week is that of Mr. E. A. Sothorn, the well-known comedian. Mr. Sothorn was fifty-eight years of age. We shall shortly publish his portrait.



THE House of Commons has added another all-night sitting to the list that glorifies its records. All the week the air has been full of electricity, and it was felt that sooner or later the thunderbolt would fall. The Address having been cleared out of the way at the end of last week, the Government started fair with their programme on Monday. On that night, before a large, animated audience, Mr. Forster moved for leave to bring in the first of the two Bills with which he is commissioned. It was what is called the Protection of Person and Property Bill, and its simple object is to invest the Lord Lieutenant with power to arrest persons reasonably suspected of treasonable practices and agrarian outrages. The details of the measure were awaited with profoundest anxiety, which Mr. Forster met by what is commonly agreed to be the best speech he ever made. An eminent Tory authority has said of Mr. Bright that if he were not a Quaker he would be a prizefighter. Mr. Forster is a Quaker, or, as he himself puts it, "of Quaker parentage," and, finding himself in charge of a militant measure, he developed certain fighting qualities which greatly charmed the House, which is oftener affronted by his habit of trimming his sails to catch a favour from unusual quarters.

The Bill was received with a marked demonstration of approval by the House. Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking officially for the Opposition, gave in his prompt adherence, and declared that the Government should have the cordial assistance of the Opposition in carrying the measure. It was also known that the Radical section, from whom Mr. Parnell had looked for much assistance, had made up their minds for the necessity of the Bill, and were determined to give their support to the Government. Such attack as was made came from an unexpected quarter. The Ulster Liberals are in a somewhat painful position. It is not likely that any Irish constituency, however far north, would look with satisfaction upon the introduction of coercion designed for their country. At the same time the Ulster Liberals were not prepared to go the full length of denying to the Government the exceptional powers claimed. In this dilemma they bethought them of an old Parliamentary device, which is to ask for something you are sure not to get. The Ulster Liberals suddenly discovered that it would be impossible for them to consider the question of coercion before the Land Bill were introduced, or its principal provisions made known. This plea was put into an amendment, which Dr. Lyons undertook to move on Monday night.

The speeches by which the amendment was proposed and seconded suggested to the House an opportunity for a little quiet rest and consideration of the Bill which they had just heard described. Accordingly, Dr. Lyons was left to deliver a speech of enormous length to a very select audience. The Irish members at the outset held back, and the whole thing began to look very much like a sham fight. No one minded the amendment, or the arguments adduced in support of it, and for some hours the night wore on in dulcet fashion. Towards midnight Mr. O'Donnell endeavoured to introduce a little liveliness into the proceedings by one of his elaborately prepared impromptu speeches, in which he said many smart things to the detriment of Her Majesty's Ministers. But even this aroused no attention, and at half-past twelve the debate was adjourned in orderly and ordinary fashion.

When the House met on Tuesday a fresh issue was placed before it. Mr. Gladstone moved that Mr. Forster's Bills have precedence over all the other business of the House till they were carried. It was known that this would be bitterly opposed by the Irish members, and a good deal of interest gathered in advance around the evening. No one knew what it might bring forth, though there was a common impression that there would be something remarkable. It began with an eminently disorderly speech from Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who, overcoming natural feelings of modesty and that retirement which youth seeks in the presence of its elders, has come to be one of the noisiest and most frequent interposers in Parliamentary debate. The Irish members had drawn up seven amendments, which they agreeably proposed to move one after the other in opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Resolution. The first stood in the name of Mr. Parnell, but that gentleman was in Dublin on private business. In his absence Mr. O'Connor proposed to move the amendment, a plain breach of order of which he was promptly reminded by the Speaker. Then followed what can only be described as considerable "dodging," with the object of overriding the authority of the Chair. Mr. O'Connor even went so far as to declare that he was not moving Mr. Parnell's amendment but his own, "which he found conveniently printed on the paper." This was a somewhat dangerous trifling with the truth, which the Speaker exposed by quietly saying that if Mr. O'Connor assured him that he was not moving Mr. Parnell's amendment it would be sufficient. This dignified and significant rebuke had its effect, and Mr. O'Connor delivered his speech without reference to the amendment.

Mr. Finigan followed in a speech curtailed by the interruption of the Speaker, and in due course came Mr. Biggar, bearing many Blue Books, and grinning in a vicious manner that suggested his intention of making a night of it. After bearing with exemplary patience his inconsequential address the Speaker called him to order, a rebuff which he received with his customary show of cool insolence. Having been thrice called to order without the slightest effect, the Speaker "named" him, a delicate attention which Mr. Biggar acknowledged with a dangerously broad smile. Every one knows now, thanks chiefly to the Irish members, what are the consequences that follow on the once vague terrors of "naming." Mr. Forster immediately rose, and moved that Mr. Biggar be suspended. Without debate the question was put from the Chair, and by 160 votes against 33 sentence of suspension was passed. Mr. Biggar was not to be deprived of any of his constitutional rights by the fact that he had incurred the displeasure of the Chair. Whilst he was not yet suspended he was in full enjoyment of his privileges as a member, and one of these he exercised by voting for himself. When the figures were announced he took his seat as if nothing particular had happened, and it was only on the Speaker ordering him to withdraw that he left the House. But whilst he had temporarily lost the privileges of a member he had gained those of a member of the public, and presently he was discovered in the Strangers' Gallery, grinning with unabated vigour upon the scene below.

The Irish members quickly filled up the gap that had been made by the compulsory departure of their valued compatriot. The sword had been drawn early in the evening. Now the scabbard was thrown away, and it became clear that, unless one side or the other yielded, the House would be kept at work all night. Mr. Gladstone took an early opportunity of setting at rest any doubts that might exist as to the intentions of the Government. They would, he said, sit till his Resolution was passed—an announcement received with prolonged cheering by the crowd of members, whose blood was now thoroughly up. Straightway began the familiar practice of moving the adjournment, first of the House and then of the debate, and all night long members who remained faithful to their post sat and listened to dreary speeches, or got up for the not unwelcome exercise of walking through the lobbies. The House sat all night and all morning, it being noon before the signs of the end approached. Then Mr. Parnell, just in from Ireland, proposed that the division

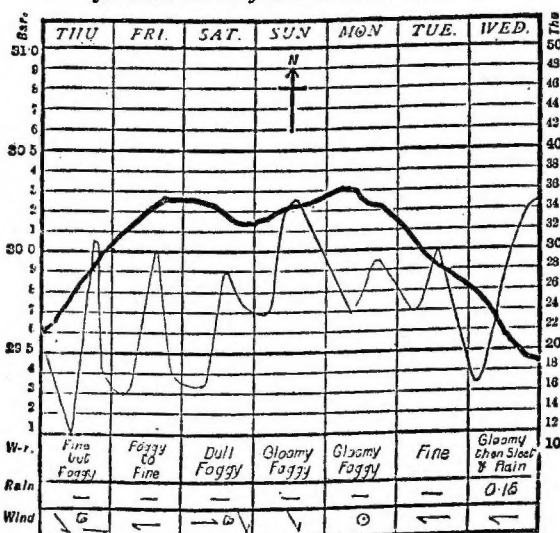
should be taken, on the understanding that the Coercion Bills would not be further proceeded with that day. Mr. Gladstone scornfully declined any parley with the hon. member, but pointed out that, as the Wednesday sitting was practically destroyed, the House would in the ordinary course of events adjourn till Thursday. Just before two the division was taken, Mr. Gladstone's Resolution being carried by 251 votes to 33. Then the House broke up, having sat for twenty-two hours.

WILD BEAST TAMING.—Messrs. Sanger's lion "Wallace," which is said to be a descendant of the lion who, some eight years ago, killed the lion-tamer, McCarthy, at Bolton, has suddenly achieved notoriety by repeated attacks upon his keepers. About a fortnight since he sprang upon and severely mauled a man who was employed to clean out his den, and who was with much difficulty rescued, the animal being beaten with hot irons, whilst the lion-tamer, a coloured man, called Alicamoussa, courageously went into the cage and dragged out the insensible form of the attendant. "Wallace" is reported to have since exhibited "symptoms of resentment" at the severe punishment then inflicted upon him, and on Saturday last he sprang upon Alicamoussa himself just as he was leaving the cage after going through a successful performance in the presence of some 3,000 people, two-thirds of whom were children. The lion-tamer was dashed to the floor, and his right arm and cheek were severely wounded, but he fired a blank cartridge full in the animal's face, and struck him repeatedly over the head with the butt of his pistol, and eventually the lion was beaten off with irons by the assistants outside, and Alicamoussa, regaining his feet, coolly walked out amid the cheers of the spectators. After going to the hospital and having his wounds attended to, he returned to the circus, and wanted to re-enter the cage for a second performance, but was not allowed to do so; and it is reassuring to be told that Wallace is to be sent to the Zoological Gardens, and not again to go through any "lion-taming performances." It is curious that, coincident with this event, we should have the report from New York that the American lion-tamer, Elijah Lengel, has been killed and literally torn to pieces by a tiger in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, most of whom were so horror-stricken that they immediately fled. We think that it is high time a stop should be put by the Legislature to these sensational performances, which appeal only to the very lowest instincts of our nature, and cannot by the wildest stretch of imagination be said to answer any good purpose whatever. There is a wide difference between the exhibition of the tricks and feats performed by domestic and certain really tameable animals as the result of patient training, and as a proof of the good understanding and even affection which exists between them and their keepers, and the performances of lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals, which have only been cowed into unwilling submission by a course of brutal treatment which breaks their spirit, or whose natural ferocity has been temporarily allayed by the administration of a soporific drug, as we believe is in some instances the case. We have abolished bull-fighting, bear-baiting, and many other kindred "sports" in this country, and the sooner we add "lion-taming" to the list the better will it be for our pretensions to civilisation and humanity. There is little or nothing diverting in seeing lions and tigers jumping over each other's backs or through hoops, and the only real attraction of the show is the morbid half hope that something may happen to the human performers.

LONDON MORTALITY considerably increased last week, owing to the severe weather, and 2,016 deaths were registered against 1,604 during the previous seven days, an increase of 412, being 230 above the average, and at the rate of 28.4 per 1,000. There were 42 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 15), 52 from measles (a decline of 2), 44 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 9 from diphtheria (a decrease of 3), 31 from whooping-cough (an increase of 6), 12 from diarrhoea (a decline of 13), 13 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), and 3 from continued fever (a decrease of 3). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs rose from 371 to 617 (141 above the average), under the influence of the low temperature. Of these 441 were attributed to bronchitis, and 97 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 78 deaths. Three deaths were returned as caused by exposure to cold. There were 2,192 births registered against 2,486 during the previous week, being 531 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 23.4 deg., and 15.5 below the average. The coldest day was Thursday, when the mean was only 19.2 deg., showing a deficiency of 19.9.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JANUARY 20 TO JANUARY 26 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been much finer and quieter than it was last week, but the frost has lasted with great persistence, and some of the thermometer readings recorded have been almost as low as any we have experienced throughout the month. On one occasion only has the thermometer risen above freezing point, and even then it did not exceed 35°, while on the other days of the week the temperature never went above 31°. The lowest minimum was that registered on Thursday morning (20th inst.), when the glass went down to 12°, on Friday (21st inst.) it fell to 10°, and on Saturday (22nd inst.) and Wednesday (26th inst.) to 17°. Fog, to a greater or less amount, has prevailed almost every day, and has made the air feel colder and more unpleasant than it would otherwise have been. At the close of the period there appeared to be a deep depression advancing towards our south-west coasts. The direction in which it would ultimately travel was not known with any great degree of certainty, but the probabilities were in favour of its passing south-eastward or east south-eastward over France, and giving us strong easterly winds and some snow, but slightly milder weather. The barometer was highest (30.31 inches) on Monday (24th inst.); lowest (29.45 inches) on Wednesday (26th inst.); range, 0.86 inch. Temperature was highest (35°) on Sunday (23rd inst.); lowest (12°) on Thursday (20th inst.); range, 23°. Sleet fell on Wednesday (26th inst.) to the amount of 0.15 inch.



THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK presented to the Americans has been successfully erected in New York.

A SLEIGH CLUB has been organised in London, and held its first meeting in Hyde Park on Wednesday.

THE BRUNSWICK MONUMENT IN GENEVA, which was only completed last year, is giving way, owing apparently to the subsidence of the ground, which was only recently reclaimed from the Lake.

NAINEE TAL is fast recovering from the effects of the disastrous landslide of September last. Buildings are springing up, the dangerous ravines of the surrounding hills are being carefully built up with masonry, and the foundations of the new Assembly Rooms have been laid.

HOSPITAL WARDS IN PARIS have not escaped the secularising agitation. Hitherto every ward has been called after some saint, in future each will bear the name of a philanthropist or distinguished man of science.

SIGNOR VERDI'S NEW OPERA, "OTELLO," will be first produced in Vienna, with Frau Materna, of Wagnerian fame, as the heroine. The composer is now working hard to complete the opera as soon as possible.

ITALIAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXCAVATIONS are to be reported in future by a special journal, *Pompeii*, which will be published at Naples, and will describe and illustrate all notable discoveries. Four beautiful bronzes recently unearthed at Pompeii have been placed in the Naples Museum.

THE ORPHAN CHILDREN IN THE PARIS CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS were made happy on New Year's Day by plentiful gifts of toys, sweets, and books sent to the Paris *Figaro* at the suggestion of one of the staff. The writer merely asked his wealthier readers for a few bonbon boxes, and playthings and boxes poured in in such quantities as to more than supply the demand.

MDLLE. FAVART, the well-known French actress, has resigned her position at the Comédie Française. Last year she was so deeply in debt that she ceased to be a *Sociétaire* in order to receive her share of the *fonds social*—some 5,000.—and pay off her creditors. Since then she has only been a *pensionnaire*, and being dissatisfied with the amount of her salary as such, has quitted the Society, and has gone to the Odéon.

THE JEWELS OF AN INDIAN IDOL must be worth stealing if many of those remarkably hideous images possess such valuable head ornaments as one now being made for the idol Parthasathy in the Triplicane Temple at Madras. The ornament is worth some 50,000 rupees, and is made of sovereign gold, studded with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, the largest emerald being valued at 1,000 rupees, and the biggest ruby and diamond at 300 rupees apiece.

A STRANGE ELECTRIC STORM rages annually in Nebraska, U.S., where, with but one exception in twelve years, the disturbance occurs on January 5, 6, or 7. It is thought that the entire Rocky Mountain region is thus visited. The storm lasts for twenty-four hours throughout a region of 800 miles, and during this period the telegraph is totally useless, a steady electric light burning at the connecting points when the telegraph key at Omaha was opened.

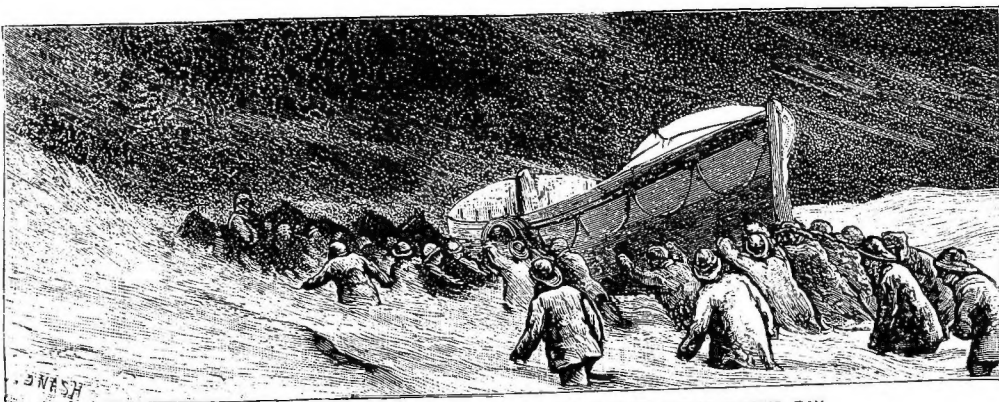
THE PLAN OF FEEDING INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS WITH FATTY BONES, suggested by a *Times* correspondent of last week, seems already to have borne fruit for the starving songsters. A gentleman writes to *The Times* from Gloucester, stating that he immediately tried the experiment, and found a beef-bone most heartily appreciated. A wren he had seen a few days before in a feeble condition now flies about cheerily; and jackdaws, starlings, blackbirds, &c., crowd his garden daily.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has elected two new Associates, Mr. Frank Dicksee, painter, and Mr. W. Hamo Thornycroft, sculptor. Another vacancy has now arisen by the death of Mr. A. Elmore, R.A., the historical painter, who expired last Monday at the age of sixty-six. Among losses to Art, also, may be reckoned the Belgian artist, M. Eugène Verboeckhoven, well known for his animal pictures. Talking of Royal Academicians, Mr. Alma-Tadema has been created a Foreign Knight of the German *Ordre pour le Mérite*.

FEMININE ADVOCATES FOR EQUALITY will not be pleased with the verdict of the Munich anatomist, Prof. Bischoff, that a woman's brain is some 143 grammes, or 10.50 per cent., lighter than that of a man. The average weight of the human brain the Professor finds to be 1,362 grammes for man, and 1,219 grammes for woman, his opinion being founded on the examination of 906 specimens. The brain-weight of man exceeds that of all animals, except the elephant and the larger Cetaceæ, while the brain of the largest ape is hardly a third of that of man.

THE COMMUNIST HEROINE, LOUISE MICHEL, may now be interviewed in her own house at the rate of 2*l.* 10*s.* per person, a short poem composed in her youth being thrown into the bargain. The money raised will be given for the relief of her amnestied countrymen, and a writer on the *Gaulois*, who has already taken advantage of the plan, found that he got his money's worth. The citoyenne was very communicative, stating that she was an Anarchist and an Atheist, and approved of Regicide, but that in her childhood she was so devout a Catholic as to wish to become a Sister of Mercy. Louise's mother—for whose sake the citoyenne filially stays at home—here regretted that she had prevented her from taking this step. Though now unwilling to speechify in public, Louise is all the more vigorous with her pen, and in the *Revolutions Sociale* declares that she believes "nothing but Revolution. And if that Revolution is no longer possible by the people, I have all the more reason to tell you that I am with those amongst you who go forward, but I belong to none of your groups; I go forward calm and cold, under the icy breath of the North, having neither hatred nor pity for the men or the things which hamper the Revolution, and considering them only as obstacles which must disappear."

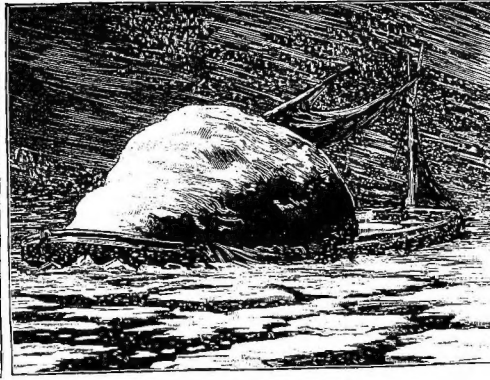
LONDON INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL AND SANITARY EXHIBITION, 1881.—This Exhibition, which has now been definitely entered upon by the Committee of the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, will be held at South Kensington from July 16th to August 13th. Her Majesty's Commissioners of 1851 having granted space for it in their Exhibition buildings. The classification of exhibits has been drawn up as follows:—*Medical Section*.—1. Surgical Instruments and Apparatus. 2. Appliances of the Ward and Sick Room. 3. Drugs, Disinfectants, Medical Dietetic Articles, and Mineral Waters. 4. Electrical Instruments and Appliances. 5. Microscopes and other Optical Apparatus. 6. Apparatus of other kinds used in the Investigation of Disease. 7. Appliances used for the Treatment of Sick and Wounded during War. 8. Appliances used in Teaching Medicine; Books, Diagrams, Models, &c. *Sanitary Section*.—1. Domestic and Hospital Architecture. 2. Planning and Construction. 3. Ventilation, Lighting, and Warming. 4. Water-closets, Sinks, and Baths. 5. Sewerage and Drainage. 6. Water Supply and Filtration. 7. Health Resorts and Sanatoria; Books and Diagrams. 8. Miscellaneous.—All inquiries and communications respecting the Exhibition should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Mark H. Judge, Parkes Museum of Hygiene, University College, Gower Street.



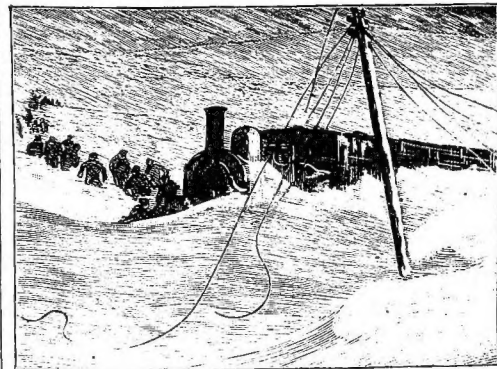
ON THE COAST — THE WHITBY LIFEBOAT ON ITS WAY TO ROBIN HOOD'S BAY



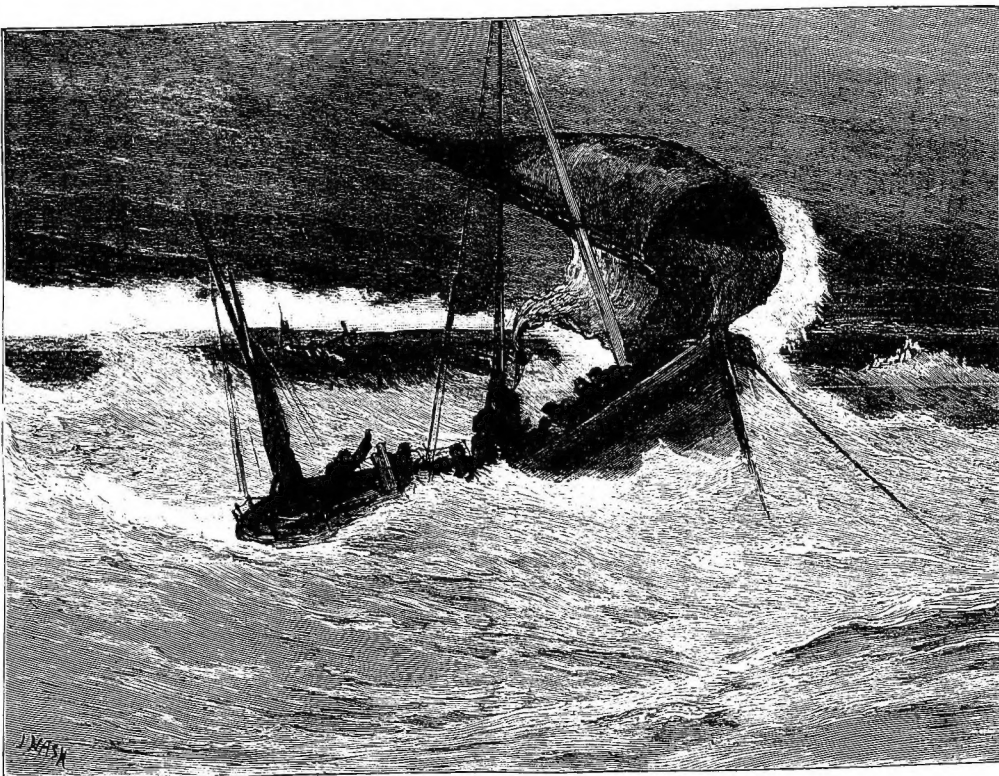
SOUTH LONDON — DAMMING OUT THE HIGH TIDE



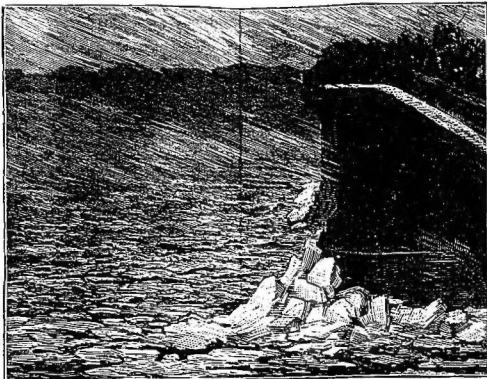
ON THE RIVER — ADRIFT



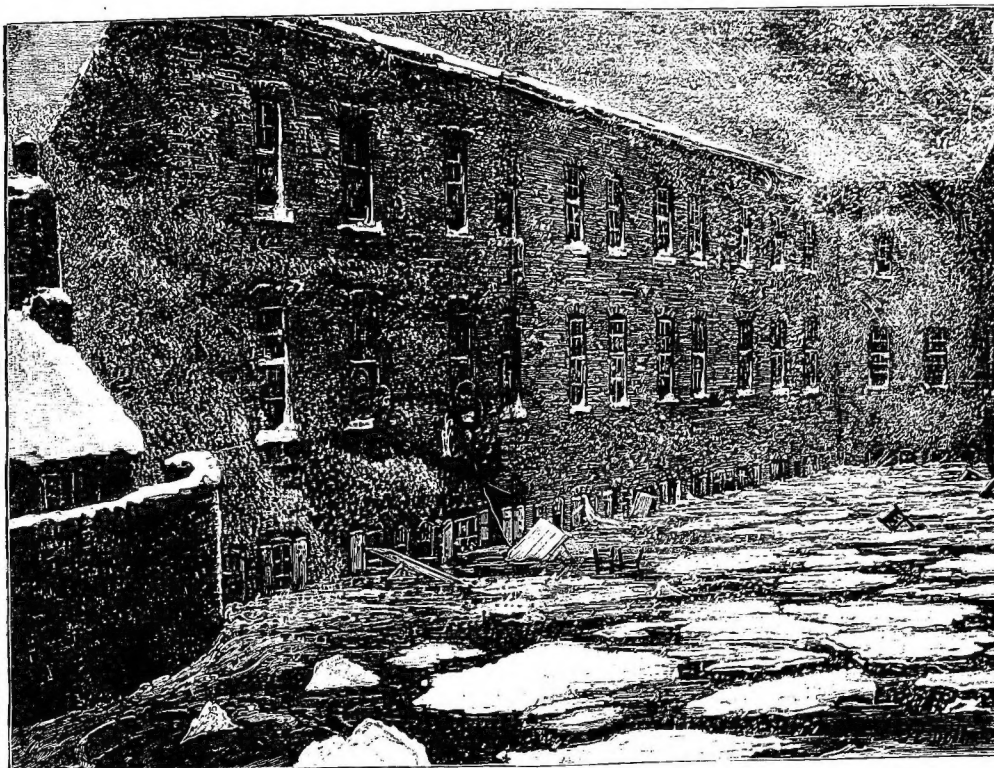
ON THE RAILWAY — SNOWED UP



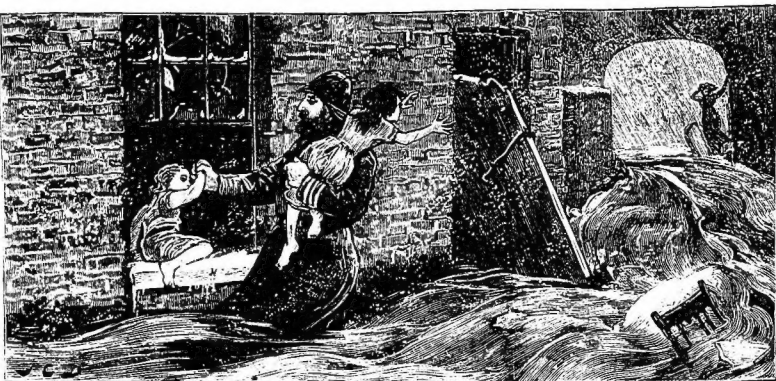
ON THE COAST — A NORFOLK LIFEBOAT HAULING OUT FROM THE SHORE



ON THE RIVER — THE ICE AT BLACKFRIARS
"HOME, SWEET HOME"



PRINCES' SQUARE, LAMBETH



A RESCUE



A FROZEN-UP LETTER-BOX



SEA-GULLS AT LONDON BRIDGE



FIFTEEN SHILLINGS A MILE

THE GREAT SNOWSTORM, GALE, AND HIGH TIDE



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The proposal of the Porte for an Ambassadorial Conference at Constantinople appears to have been favourably received by the Powers as a sign that Turkey is willing to increase the concessions of the October Note. Thus negotiations have been busily conducted at Constantinople respecting the bases on which the Conference should meet, in order, as an official despatch terms it, "to obtain a solution of the Turco-Greek difference." While, however, Turkey will doubtless yield up more territory, and the district of Larissa in particular, it seems to be understood that she will be allowed to retain the important strategic points of Janina and Metzovo. One of the chief preliminary points which have been discussed has been the question of the admittance of Greece to the Conference, the Porte arguing that the present negotiations are only between Turkey and the Great Powers, who have been asked by the Porte to confer upon what they would consider a fair and equitable settlement, and not—as suggested in the Arbitration proposal—to judge between the two Powers. When the Porte and the Powers have come to an agreement then the result might be communicated to Greece. The latter, moreover, should be informed that if she declined to accept the decision of the Conference Europe would no longer feel bound to support her claims. As for Greece, the present aspect of affairs is far from palatable to her. Having taken her stand upon the suggestions of the Berlin Conference, and having already called together some 60,000 men to enforce them, and the cession of Janina in particular, she is by no means pleased at the idea of having to accept half a loaf when she has made so much bombastic preparation to seize the whole. Any expression of willingness to negotiate would signify that she was inclined to do this, and consequently it is not surprising that Greece has intimated to the Powers that she regards the proposition of the Porte to be even more unfavourable to Greek interests than the Arbitration scheme. Nevertheless it is thought in some quarters that when Greece sees an absolute certainty of her being left out in the cold, and of the question being decided without her having any say whatever if she maintains her obdurate attitude, she will eventually yield, and it is doubtless with this object that Italy, who is acting as the friend of Greece, is opposing the Turkish demand that Greece should not be allowed a place in the Conference.

In CONSTANTINOPLE the native Press does not believe in the success of the Greek frontier negotiations, and urges the Government to hasten the solution of the question by energetically preparing for an eventual war.

There have been rumours of a renewed agitation in Albania, and Ali Pasha of Gusinje is said to have been recognised by the surrounding tribes, and to have proclaimed his intention of recovering Dulcigno.

FRANCE.—M. Gambetta has made another of the sensible and straightforward speeches for which of late years he has become so renowned, and to which he owes much of his now universal popularity. On his re-election to the Presidency of the Chamber he reviewed at length the work which the present Chamber had done during the past four years. He complimented it on having put an end to the enterprises of personal rule and of the old parties: on having restored "in all its reality the government of the country by the country"—on having restored "Paris to the Parliament and the Parliament to Paris"—on the amnesty, that "grand act of clemency and political sagacity;" on the various educational measures which have been passed; on the large remission of taxation; on the great impulse given to public works by the increase of roads and canals and the formation of huge harbours, and, last but not least, on the naval and military reorganisation. Can we Britishers, who have been accustomed to sneer at the vagaries of the French Assembly, and to hold up our Parliamentary procedure as a model for the rest of the world, show such a four years' work? We rather fancy that the laugh is with our friends across the Channel just now. To return, however, to M. Gambetta: he next enumerated the measures yet to be passed—the Bills giving enhanced liberty to the Press, completing the military organisation, and recasting the Customs Tariff; and then came to what is regarded as the most important utterance of the discourse, in which he warmly advocated a peace policy: "in spite of assertions reposing on no foundation (manifestly a hit at Germany), the whole world knows that the foreign policy of France neither masks secret objects nor adventures. This is a guarantee which resides in the very form of the Republican Government, in which all depends on the national sovereignty, and on a democracy, in the bosom of which external peace, dignified and well-sustained, is at once the means and object of democratic progress." This speech, which concluded by declaring that the nation, when appealed to, had always given the proceedings of the Assembly a "rigorous sanction," was enthusiastically received by the Chamber, which ordered it to be printed and placarded through the country, where, indeed, it has given universal satisfaction. We should except, perhaps, the Intransigents, who call it the "speech from the throne." Encouraged by their President's eulogy, the Assembly lost no time in getting to work, and has been energetically discussing the Press Bill, the liberal provisions of which it has extended by depriving the Government of the right of stopping foreign papers entering France, except those of an immoral character.

Considerable comment has been caused by the conversion of a well-known Bonapartist, M. Dugué de la Fauconnerie, to Republicanism. It is said that many others of the same political creed are about to follow his example owing to the practical disorganisation of the Bonapartist party.

Paris, like London, has been chiefly occupied with clearing away the snow from her streets, which the authorities have been attacking with a vigour which might well serve as a model for our Metropolitan vestries. The snow is collected, and shot down into the huge sewers, which are carefully kept from freezing by masses of salt. Thus in a very short time the neighbourhood of the Madeleine and of the Palais Royal, where the roadways are asphalted, the snow was cleared away in a few hours. A touching accident happened in the Rue Hauteville, where a little girl of nine, who was being taken home from school by her father, inadvertently stepped into the opening of the sewer, and was at once carried away by the strong current. Every effort was made to save her, but ineffectually, and even her body was not found. A rapid thaw set in on Wednesday afternoon.—As the commercial travellers had a speech from M. Gambetta last year, so the publicans have had their turn last week, when he made them a temperate discourse on the new "social strata" which are doing so well.—M. Félix Pyat has struck out a new line. He wants to hold a Belleville meeting in favour of the rebellious Boers. "We have freed America, Belgium, Greece, and Italy," he cries, "why should we not protest in favour of the Holland of South Africa?"—There is little stirring in theatrical circles, and the only novelties of note have been a new opera-bouffe at the Renaissance, entitled *Janot*, and a one-act comedy, *Poquelin Père et Fils*, by Ernest d'Hervilly, at the Odéon.

RUSSIA.—Prince Gortschakoff, after sixty years of hard work, is now, it is authoritatively stated, about to retire definitively from office, the direction of Foreign Affairs being confided to Baron de Giers, who certainly is a statesman of great promise. Apart from this, however, the chief news of the week is the capture of Geok Tepe. During the nights of the 15th and 16th inst. the

Russians carried the enemy's positions situated at a distance of about forty yards from the wall of the fortress. On the latter evening also the Turkomans, with their whole strength, assaulted the Russian centre and left flank, but, after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, were driven back. The Russians then at once began sapping operations in order to advance their works and strengthen their line of defence. These were attended with difficulty, owing to the superior force of the enemy, who were stated to outnumber the Russians in the proportion of ten to one. The sap, however, by the 17th inst., had been advanced to within thirty-four yards of the wall, and a week afterwards, on the 24th inst., the fortified positions of the Turkomans were stormed and taken. The fighting lasted nine hours, but the Russians routed the enemy along the whole line. A great quantity of arms, cannon, ammunition, and provisions were captured. The force under General Skobelev is estimated at 8,000 men. It is rumoured that Turkoman reinforcements are coming up from Merv.

The Chinese difficulty now appears in a fair way of settlement, as the Marquis Tseng has notified that the Chinese Government have ratified the stipulations drawn up at St. Petersburg. A Treaty embodying these will accordingly be concluded between the two Governments. By this Russia undertakes to restore all Kuldja, save a small district in the north-west, about the twentieth part of the province. On her side China will pay a pecuniary indemnity for "expenses."

GERMANY.—"There are two things which my subjects can never escape," once exclaimed Frederick the Great—"death and decoration." Thus, Saturday and Sunday were days to be marked with a white stone by many ambitious Teutons, as the Ordenfest of the Black Eagle and the Red Eagle were held on those days. Amongst others, Prince Heinrich, the second son of the Crown Prince, and who has just returned from a cruise round the world, was invested with the former Order, which in Germany ranks similarly to the Garter in England and the Golden Fleece in Spain.

There was a slight "scene" in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday. A motion had been made by Herr Windthorst to exempt the dispensation of the Sacraments and the reading of the Mass from the operation of the Falk Laws. According to an accompanying statement 601 Catholic parishes are wholly "orphaned," 584 half so, and 1,770 priestly posts are at present in want of a tenant. The Minister of Public Worship quoted counter figures to these, and the leader of the National Liberals roused an uproar by asserting that the real root of the evil lay in Papal hostility to a Protestant Empire.

The anti-Semitic crusade shows signs of slackening, and the Empress has ostentatiously paid a visit to a Jewish Home in Berlin to mark her disapproval of the agitation.

INDIA.—"The intended retrocession of Candahar, as announced in the Queen's Speech," the Indian correspondent of *The Times* tells us, "is warmly discussed in all circles, and certainly the prevailing impression is one of deep alarm and mortification—alarm for the consequences which such a show of weakness may have upon the Indian mind: of mortification at the expected sneers and secret derision of all enlightened natives. . . . With the Russians advancing on Merv, and at any rate reducing the whole of the Turkoman tribes to submission, statesmen ought surely to pause before surrendering a position which puts us upon something of an equality with those who, however we may blind ourselves to the fact, are our rivals in Central Asia." That our rule, indeed, is not injurious to the Candaharis is manifest from the following details of the income of the city for the last four months. In September it was 15,000 rupees, in October 43,000, in November 55,000, and in December 61,000. There would be little apprehension, therefore, of Candahar not paying the cost of the occupation. In the mean time all is quiet both at Candahar and at Cabul, and the troops which had been despatched to Maiwand under General Williams to awe the restless tribes and secure the safety of our supply convoys reached their destination on the 22nd inst., and found supplies which had been stored there by the local authorities. Several headmen have also apologised for the marauding exploits of their followers.

The inquiry into the Kolapore conspiracy continues, and appears likely to last some weeks longer. Numberless witnesses are being examined.

UNITED STATES.—A heavy sleet storm has been raging across the Atlantic, as in Europe. On Saturday the telegraph wires throughout New York city and its neighbourhood were entirely prostrated, and great obstruction to business ensued.—There is little political news, save that the Indian chief Sitting Bull has crossed over into Canada, and that a demand will be made for his surrender.—In Southern Indiana and Illinois the wheat crop is almost an entire failure this year—so much the better for British farmers.—A terrible accident has occurred on the Erie Railway, near Tioga. A train caught fire, and the postal and luggage cars were consumed, four employes being burnt to death, and eleven of the passengers injured. The Senate has again declined to take up the Bill providing for the retirement of General Grant.

THE REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The first instalment of reinforcements, consisting of 1,400 men, arrived at Durban in the troopship *Euphrates*, and were speedily despatched to Maritzburg, and a further detachment is expected in the *Crocodile* on Saturday. Meanwhile, Sir G. P. Colley and his little army of 1,300 troops began their march from Newcastle on Monday. The 58th Regiment formed the advanced guard, and the Rifles and Naval Brigade brought up the rear of the column, which is stated to be four miles long. The proportion of artillery is very large, but the cavalry are merely mounted infantry, and by no means a match for the Boer scouts. Addressing the troops before they started, Sir G. P. Colley told them "that they were advancing to relieve the inhabitants, and prevent the surrender of some garrisons in the Transvaal. He thought they would be wasting valuable time to wait for the reinforcements, and although they might have greater numbers against them, he relied on their valour." The chief object of this march is to relieve the garrisons at Pretoria and Potchefstroom. From Lydenburg, however, it is reported that the garrison has been compelled to surrender. On Tuesday Sir G. P. Colley had reached Ingogo, and his skirmishers had encountered Boer patrols, so that a battle was considered imminent.

As for the Boers, it is stated that they have evacuated Newcastle, and are concentrating their forces at Wakkerstroom, which they are still besieging. They have made overtures to various Zulu chiefs, including Oham, but have everywhere been refused assistance. It is all the more creditable to Oham to have done this, as he was being pressed by the British authorities for the restitution of some of Cetewayo's cattle. A request to the Free State for cannon has also been declined.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The Chilians occupied Lima on the 17th inst. Great battles were previously fought at Chorillas and Miraflores, in which latter the Peruvians, who numbered 25,000, were completely defeated, the Chilian forces being about equal in point of numbers. It appears that the Chilians had effected a landing at a small place called Lurin, where they defeated a small opposing force, and then marched upon Chorillas, which is the terminus of one of the two small railways which run from the coast to Lima. There a severe battle ensued, and the Peruvians retired upon the hills, surrounding Lima, where the final battle of Miraflores was fought. The Peruvians were expected to have made a more obstinate resistance than was encountered, though both sides are said to have suffered very severely. Pierola has fled, and the Diplomatic Body at Lima have requested the conclusion of an armistice, and ask that Pierola's person may be respected.



THE Royal party in the Isle of Wight has been considerably inconvenienced by the late severe weather. The Queen was unable to walk out one day, on account of the deep snow, the drifts near Osborne being some ten or twelve feet in depth, while the roads to Ryde and Newport were blocked, and telegraph communication was much impeded. Subsequently, however, Her Majesty went out sleighing with Princess Beatrice. On Saturday, Lord Kensington had audience of the Queen, to present the Address from the House of Commons, and next morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, the Rev. Canon Prothero officiating. The Judge Advocate-General had audience of the Queen on Monday, and in the evening dined with Her Majesty, Sir H. Ponsonby also joining the party. On Tuesday the Queen walked out with the ex-Empress Eugénie. The Queen will hold the first Drawing Room of the season on February 25th.

The Prince of Wales has been staying at Windsor, first visiting Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge, and subsequently taking up his quarters as Colonel-in-Chief of the Household Cavalry with the First Life Guards at the Spital Cavalry Barracks. On Saturday the Prince had a skating party at Virginia Water, where he drove with Prince Christian in a sleigh, the rest of the party arriving in a private omnibus. The Prince and his visitors spent some time skating and playing hockey, and then adjourned to Titness Park, to lunch with Sir R. and Lady Cathcart, while subsequently they returned to continue skating and hockey until the evening, when the Prince went to the Spital Barracks and dined at the officers' mess. On Sunday the Prince attended church parade at Holy Trinity, marching there at the head of his regiment, and after service visited the troopers' quarters and the non-commissioned officers' mess, presenting good conduct medals to Musician J. Wight and Corporal-Major Wyatt. Later in the day he attended the service in St. George's Chapel, and again dined with the officers. Monday morning was spent in visiting the stables and the married people's quarters, and witnessing riding evolutions, and afterwards the Prince left for town, whence he rejoins the Princess at Sandringham. The Prince and Princess are entertaining a few visitors, and the band of the First Life Guards has therefore gone to Sandringham. On Monday the Prince and Princess and their daughters come to town for the season. The Prince will hold a Levée on the Queen's behalf at St. James's Palace on Feb. 21st.

When the Princess Louise returns to Canada in May she will go with a large party of English visitors on a fishing tour on the Lower St. Lawrence, and will subsequently take a trip to Manitoba and the North-West Provinces of the Dominion.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned to Bagshot Park at the end of last week from visiting the Queen at Osborne.

The Princess Augusta-Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein goes to Germany to prepare for her wedding with Prince William rather earlier than had been announced, and will probably leave Cumberland Lodge next Tuesday.—The Comte and Comtesse de Paris have lost their youngest son from an attack of convulsions during teething. Little Prince Jacques d'Orleans was nine months' old, and has been buried in the Royal Chapel at Dreux, where his brother, Prince Charles, is interred.



AN APPEAL TO CONVOCATION against the recent Ritualistic prosecutions was adopted at "a private meeting of priests," held last week at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the presidency of Archdeacon Denison. It declares that "inasmuch as Parliament has created by its sole act, without the previous and formal joint consent of the Convocations of Canterbury and York, the new judge in causes ecclesiastical, with right of succession to the Deanery of Arches and the Chancellorship of York; such Court lacks that joint authority from 'this Church and realm' which is required by the principles of the Reformation settlement, restored in 1662: which joint authority, and none other, the priest is pledged by his Ordination Vow to obey." The memorialists, therefore, pray that no time be lost and no endeavour spared to obtain the constitution of such Courts Spiritual (under the supremacy of the Crown) as would command the willing obedience of loyal Churchmen; and that, pending their establishment, no proceedings at law be allowed by the several Dioceses of the Province of Canterbury to be taken against the use of ceremonies adopted under sanction of the "Ornaments Rubric;" and that no attempt be entertained to repeal or to modify the "Ornaments Rubric."

MR. ENRAGHT seems fully determined to test the power of the law to the uttermost. On Sunday last he officiated at Holy Trinity Church, Bordesley, making no alteration whatever in the ritual, and preached three sermons, in which he is reported to have dwelt on the wickedness of the State in daring to interfere with "spiritual" persons.—Mr. Dale has hitherto made no attempt either to officiate or preach at St. Vedast's.

THE BURIAL OF SUICIDES.—The Rev. J. H. Thomas, Vicar of Hillingdon, defending his conduct in having refused to read the Burial Service over the body of a man who was recently found drowned in a well, says that he heartily dissents from the opinion that the open verdict of the coroner's jury left him no option, for if clergymen are to be bound by such verdicts which only disguise the simple truth expressed by "felo-de-se" or "suicide," it is of no great use to inquire whether they act in conformity with the rules of the Church. If the rubric prefixed to the service had a meaning in 1662, it cannot have entirely lost it in 1881. Surely the "charitable" British public, which has made the clergy give up so much of their rights in the churchyards, and has authorised every one to come into them and perform whatsoever manner of service they please, should exercise some small forbearance with them if now and then they decline to perform the service of the Church themselves.

CANON FARRAR, continuing his series of sermons on the Establishment last Sunday in Westminster Abbey, repudiated as a "complete misconception" the idea that he was answering any sermons preached in another place. He addressed himself to large principles, not to small antagonisms. At a time when voices had been raised, even within the Church, of protest against her national character, it was but befitting that some words of defence should be uttered by one of the humblest of her sons in the grandest of her temples. Had he kept silence, even the stones of the Abbey might have cried out against him. The Church was not the mere creature of the State, nor had she been established by it. She was born with the nation, and had been the sound mind in the sound body of the English State ever since. Her history through British, Saxon, and Mediaeval times down to the Reformation proved that she had never been entirely independent of the State, nor entirely under the dominion of Papal Rome.

RELIGIOUS BODIES AND THE UNEMPLOYED.—An excellent and timely suggestion is made by a correspondent of the *Echo*, to the effect that much good might be done by the establishment of an employment agency or registry office in connection with every church and chapel throughout the country, a list of those seeking work, with a statement of the kind of occupation sought, being exhibited upon the church doors for the mutual benefit of employers and workpeople.

PASTORAL VISITATION OF THE RICH.—"Concordia," writing to the *Record*, says that in the matter of pastoral visitation the Roman Catholics work in the inverse order to us, comparatively neglecting the poor for the rich, whilst we comparatively neglect the rich for the poor, the result being the secession of many rich and influential families to the Church of Rome, where access to the priest is easy. He suggests some wider organisation to reach the upper ranks, who would willingly contribute to the support of additional curates, who would visit and report special cases to the vicar for his personal ministry, but not leave the rich alone completely, as is too frequently the case.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES FOR THE PEOPLE.—On Tuesday, at a meeting convened by the committee for providing special religious services in theatres, halls, and mission rooms, it was stated that during the past series 369 such services had been held, attended by about 310,000 persons. Lord Shaftesbury, who presided, said that "Bradlaughism" was rapidly increasing, not only among the lower, but some of the higher classes; and that the best way to combat the development of these principles was to take religion to the masses. He was sorry to find that the old prejudice against holding services in unconsecrated places—the miserable idolatry of bricks and mortar—was again cropping up. Had it not been for the agency in whose interest they had met there would have been some 500,000 persons in London who would never have heard of the Gospel.



POPULAR CONCERTS.—These concerts, like all other public entertainments, have suffered by the severity of the weather, though somewhat less than might have been anticipated. The Saturday and Monday programmes were very good, and the reappearance of Madame Norman Néruda at the first-violin desk was in itself an attraction, ably as her place had been filled by the institutor of the celebrated "Florentine Quartet," Herr Jean Becker, whose playing at St. James's Hall, many years ago, is still pleasantly remembered. At the afternoon concert the gifted Moravian led Beethoven's third "Rasoumowsky" quartet in C, and on Monday evening Schubert's quartet in A minor—the first work of the kind from the pen of its inexhaustible composer introduced by Mr. Chappell to his patrons (May 16, 1859,—with Joachim and Piatti). In both Madame Néruda was admirable, in the last especially well nigh perfection. The pianist on Saturday was Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who obtained and deserved flattering applause in Beethoven's sonata, Op. 26 (A flat), containing the "Funeral March," and who joined Madame Néruda, MM. Straus, Piatti, and Reynolds in the Quintet for piano-forte and stringed instruments, by the late regretted Hermann Goetz, so much admired when brought out last year. On Monday the pianist was Miss Dora Schirmacker, who gave Beethoven's "32" Variations on an Original Air with real spirit and earnestness, and, being called back to the platform, played something else. It is a pity these "recalls" should be persisted in by the audience, submitted to by the artists, and sanctioned by the director. To a large number of amateurs they are objectionable, as disturbing the balance of programmes symmetrically shaped. Moreover, the piece that elicits an "encore" is never repeated, but another invariably substituted. The singer on Saturday was Mr. Santley, and on Monday Mr. Frank Boyle, one of the youngest of our rising tenors, the accompanist at both being Mr. Zerbin.

MR. CARRODUS.—The experiment of Mr. Carrodus proved highly interesting, and though, for reasons needless to explain, the audience was comparatively restricted, it was unanimous in its approval, and enthusiastic in its recognition of the merits of our distinguished English artist. Pianists have, from time immemorial, exclusively occupied the attention of their hearers through two hours of music; but it was laid down that for a violinist to do the same thing would result in monotony. In the present instance, however, bold as was the attempt, it was justified by unquestioned success. Mr. Carrodus presented examples from J. S. Bach, Paganini, Spohr, Molique, Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Wieniawsky, and Berthold Tours, besides his own ingenious Fantasia on Scotch airs, with which professors and connoisseurs have already been afforded opportunities of becoming acquainted. All were executed with masterly ease and thorough comprehension of the individual significance of each. It would be superfluous to specify particulars; but we may point to Bach's great *Chaconne* with variations, and *Moto Perpetuo* of Paganini as wonderful mechanical displays in totally different styles; and to the four charming pieces by Molique, the last of which was encored, (in this case justifiably repeated). Mr. Carrodus enjoyed no other assistance than that of Mr. Frank Amor and Master John Carrodus—who promises to be a son worthy of his father—as accompanists at the piano-forte. It was agreeable to find the worth of an artist, of whom we have just reason to feel proud, recognised with such unmistakable warmth.

"PARSIFAL."—We learn from Bayreuth that the first representation of Wagner's new opera *Parsifal* (for which, as usual, he has supplied both words and music) will be held in the "Festival Theatre" exclusively for the gratification of his immediate friends and "patrons" (subscribers to the Bayreuth Fund); but that when the claims of these have been duly met, the "outside public" may be admitted to some extra performances. Such, it is stated, is the Master's decision. The date of the performances is fixed for August next year; so there is time for rehearsals out of number.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, this popular concert was very well attended on Wednesday. Mr. Edward Lloyd met with great applause in his songs, "Oft in the Stilly Night" and "The Last Rose of Summer." Madame Patey sang with great effect "The Merchant of Cheapside" and "The Minstrel Boy," and met with repeated encores. Miss Marian McKenzie also sang with much feeling "What Will You Do, Love?" and "Katey's Letter." The singing of Mr. Joseph Maas and Mr. Maybrick was highly approved by the audience, and they were called on to repeat their songs. The South London Choral Association also sang in their usual excellent manner.

WAIFS.—The cantata which Mr. F. H. Cowen has been commissioned to write for the Norwich Festival is built upon the legend of St. Ursula, the poem (original) being supplied by Mr. R. E. Francillon, author of the *Rose Maiden* and the *Corisair*.—At Monday's Popular Concert a trio for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, by that young and continually progressing musician, Mr. F. Davenport, is to be introduced by Mdlle. Krebs, Madame Néruda, and Signor Piatti. Mr. A. Chappell would do wisely in presenting somewhat more frequently the works of English musicians. He must of course be discriminate in choice, and that he is not likely to be otherwise his antecedents are enough to show.—A grand

tournament of singers is projected for next August at Wiesbaden, under the superintendence of the "Mannergesangverein."—Madame Trebelli has returned from a successful tour in Belgium.—The Sacred Harmonic Society, compelled "by stress of weather" to abandon the performance which should have been held on the 21st inst., are to give their next concert on February 11th, when Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch* will absorb the first part of the programme, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* the last.—Special services, on special occasions, seem to grow more in favour at our churches. We have had two within the last week or so—the first in Westminster Abbey, when portions of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* were given, the second in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Tuesday (the Feast of the Conversion), when a varied and impressive selection from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was made to serve as anthem. On each occasion the congregation was very large. It is good to make church-goers familiar with such truly grand and devotional music. Dr. Bridge and Dr. Stainer, organists respectively at the Abbey and Cathedral, are well-known promoters of the movement, and thereby render excellent service.—Two new overtures have recently been composed by Johannes Brahms, for a Festival Concert in Breslau, where he is *Doctor honoris causa* at the University. To this concert all the members of the Philosophical Faculty were invited by the Committee of the Orchestral Union. Both overtures were applauded, the first chiefly by connoisseurs, the second (introducing some well-known students' *Lieder*, and winding up with the popular "Gaudemus") by all present, with an enthusiasm the genuine tone of which could not be mistaken.—Madame Annette Essipoff and Herr Anton Rubinstein performed together at a recent concert given by the latter in the Concerthaus, Berlin. Madame Essipoff came from Vienna expressly to assist her eminent brother artist.—A gratuity of 33,288 marks has been allotted for the current year towards the expenses of the Berlin Royal Cathedral Choir. Liszt's oratorio, *Christus*, will be performed by the Berlin St. Cecilia Association, early in April, for the first time in the Prussian capital.—At the last meeting of the Society of the Friends of Music, Vienna, Joseph Joachim was unanimously elected honorary member and Johannes Brahms member of the Committee.—Miss Minnie Hauk has returned to England. She sang at Birmingham on Monday, and was to sing on Thursday for Mr. Hallé at Manchester.—Although the "Burns Commemorial Concert," announced by the enterprising Mr. Ambrose Austin to take place in St. James's, was postponed in consequence of the extreme inclemency of the weather, the concert announced by Mr. Carter for the same evening at the Albert Hall, for which Madame Christine Nilson was engaged, was held nevertheless. It is to be hoped that Mr. Austin will not abandon his idea of giving Howard Glover's *Tam O'Shanter*, with Sims Reeves in his original character of the hero, with which Meyerbeer expressed so much pleasure that he wished to compose a Scotch opera, just as, years later, after witnessing *Henry VIII.*, with Mr. J. L. Hatton's music, under Charles Kean's management at the Princess's Theatre, he consulted the late Mr. John Oxenford about a libretto for an English historical lyric drama.—Mr. Gye, it is believed, has already drawn out his programme for the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera, and M. Dupont (of Brussels) will possibly succeed Signor Vianesi as co-conductor with Signor Bevilacqua. About Mr. Mapleson's intentions there is as yet no authentic information.



MR. BOOTH'S Iago has served in some degree to counterbalance the disappointment occasioned by his performance of Othello. The part, it is true, is one of far less depth and variety than that of the Moor, and it is certainly one that makes less demands upon that imaginative faculty which is the rarest of all the actor's gifts; but Iago has nevertheless been always regarded as a character worthy of performers of the highest rank; and there have been few distinguished impersonators of the Moor who have not at times sustained the part of his tempter. Mr. Booth brings to this character all the resources of his art. Iago's subtle villainy is portrayed by him with numberless artistic touches; his delight in dark and tortuous ways, his exultant cruelty, his reckless, mocking spirit, are in turns exhibited in full relief and contrast. Nothing, indeed, seems wanting to the completeness of the portrait but an occasional lighter vein of mockery, a gay and more free enjoyment of the mischief which his busy invention is ever plotting and contriving. The play is unfortunately not well acted in other leading parts. Miss Milton, though a young actress of pleasing manner who exerts herself energetically, is not quite equal to the task of depicting the gentle Desdemona in the agony of her distress; and Mr. Forrester's performance of Othello stands in need of that charitable consideration which may fairly be claimed for a performer called upon to assume a part somewhat out of his province for the sake of affording what is called "support" to a star actor.

Mr. Sothorn's death, which took place at his residence in Vere Street, Oxford Street, on the 20th inst., was the not unexpected close of a long and painful illness. A year ago the popular comedian had been looking forward to this present winter in the hope of being able to present himself to audiences at the Gaiety Theatre, in a comedy written expressly for him by Mr. Gilbert, to which Mr. Sothorn had chosen to give the uncouth name of *Shogner's Fairy*. Strength, however, failed him for such a task; a sojourn at Brighton, under the care of eminent medical men, brought but a temporary relief, and a brief visit to Bournemouth—that favourite resort of patients suffering from lung disease—unhappily proved equally ineffectual. His Lord Dundreary will linger long in the memory of playgoers as a singularly humorous, consistent, and original impersonation. It will probably not find another representative who will be acceptable to the present generation. Mr. Sothorn leaves behind him a little daughter—Cora Sothorn, who has recently made a successful appearance on the London stage.

At SADLER'S WELLS, Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal*, gives way to tragedy; and to-night *Othello* will be performed, and hold the boards for the next fortnight with an exceptionally strong cast, comprising Mr. Warner as the Moor, Mr. Vezin as Iago, and Mrs. Crowe (Miss Bateman) as Emilia. Mrs. Crowe's Emilia is acknowledged to be among her finest of impersonations, and playgoers will remember how marked a sensation she created in that character when she acted in *Othello* with Mr. Irving at the Lyceum; while Mr. Vezin's Iago is one of the most finished and artistic performances that have lately been seen on our stage. The company at Sadler's Wells is an unusually efficient one; and from the manner in which the new management has inaugurated its tenure of office, there is every reason to believe that the traditions of this theatre, so worthily followed by the late Mrs. Bateman, will be successfully kept alive by her daughter and successor. The comedy preceded by *The Spitalfields Weaver*, in which Mr. Toole, Mr. Billington, and Miss Meyrick, who have kindly offered their services, have been playing for a few nights.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Miss Emilie Petrelli, who has recently took prominent part in *Mefistofele II.* at the Alhambra, made her first appearance on Saturday as Mabel, in the *Pirates of Penzance*. Owing to the severe weather the house was but poorly filled; but those who did witness the *debut* gave her a hearty reception, and her first appearance was a decided success. Both in singing and

good looks she is well adapted to be the successor of Miss Marion Hood.

Mr. Burnand's comedy in preparation at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre is a new adaptation of MM. Bayard and De Wailly's comedy, *Le Mari à la Campagne*, already known to English audiences in the form of Mr. Morris Barnett's comedy, called *A Serious Family*. Mr. Coghlan will sustain a leading character.

The frost and snow, and the really impassable state of the streets, have during the last ten days been extremely unfavourable for the prospects of the London theatres. Several changes of programme that had been announced have been postponed for this reason—among others the revival of *Masks and Faces* at the HAYMARKET, which was intended to take place this evening.



THE TURF.—A few days ago a definite rise in the temperature, as evidenced by the possibility of making hard snowballs, gave hopes that training operations might soon be resumed; but the old god Thor, as a meteorological joltist ventures to remark, after a few hours of gentle exercise of his powers, again gave way to King Frost, who till Thursday reigned supreme. Consequently the publication of the weights for several of the Spring Handicaps seemed almost a mockery, as trainers, like frozen-out gardeners, "had got no work to do," and the only interest and excitement they experienced were mainly derived from the fear of influenza and other ailments connected with severe cold setting in their stables.—So firm a hold had the frost got of the ground that Mr. Shelden felt obliged to give notice of the abandonment of his inaugural meeting at Four Oaks Park, Birmingham, which was advertised for the 8th and 9th of next month.—The death in his 77th year is announced of the veteran jockey and trainer, William Wetherall, at Beverley. The famous Marquis of Waterford and other well-known leaders on the Turf trained here at various times, and with considerable success. He was thoroughly one of the old school.—Speculation on future events on the Turf has practically been at a standstill during the week.

AQUATICS.—Of course, the match between Hanlan and Laycock did not come off, in consequence of the state of the Thames, and it has been postponed till the 14th of February, but we will not venture to predict the ultimate chance of its being brought off. Hanlan has been sojourning at Southampton and Laycock at Shoreham, both doing work on the tidal waters, where they were not affected by the frost.

COURSING.—As long as the frost continued the more open character did the Waterloo Cup assume, owing to the impossibility of giving dogs any work except under such circumstances as those alluded to in our last Notes. Hence Lord Haddington's and some other nominations have slightly receded in the market, but it may be noted that Mr. Hinks, who of course will be represented by last year's runner-up, Plunger, is very firm at 16 to 1, many persons holding to the opinion that he is really a better animal than Honeywood, who beat him in the deciding course last February.

FOOTBALL.—Footballists, who perhaps are more independent of weather than the followers of any other pastime, have been obliged at last to give the ball a rest, and several important matches, notably that between North and South, which was to have been played on Saturday last, have had to be postponed. If the frost returns there will be great difficulty in finishing the fourth round of the Association Challenge Cup before the 19th of next month.

SKATING.—Skating competitions, amateur and professional, have become rife all over the country. At the Elstree Reservoir "Fish" Smart added to his very long list of successes by winning the Open Mile Race for professionals; and Mr. Crute won the London Amateur Championship for the same distance.—At Norwich, too, "Fish" Smart has secured the Norfolk Stakes for professionals, and Mr. C. G. Tebbutt those for amateurs.—The result of the communications between the National Skating Club and the Amsterdam Club is that an international meeting between English and Dutch speed-skaters will have been held at Amsterdam before this Note is in the hands of our readers. "Fish" Smart will, of course, be found among our representatives. There were some "figure" skating competitions in Battersea Park on Wednesday last among some amateurs.

BICYCLING.—The Fifty Miles Match arranged between those old opponents, D. Stanton and J. Keen, is exciting much interest in the bicycling world. It comes off at the Marble Rink, Clapham Road, on the 29th, the start being fixed for 6 p.m. An extra prize will be given if the distance is covered by either within three hours.

CRICKET. which we hardly associate with frost and snow, has been played on the ice in various localities during the week, affording good fun both for the performers and spectators.—The reports of the doings of the Australian cricketers, who paid us a visit last year, in their native land continue to show them in excellent form. They have beaten a strong Fifteen of Victoria by eight wickets, scoring 291 in their first innings.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A **SANITARY PROTECTION SOCIETY**, formed on the pattern which has proved so successful in Edinburgh during the past three years, is now being established in the metropolis. Its founder, Professor Fleeming Jenkin, recently explained its objects before the Society of Arts. They are chiefly these. To afford to householders the advantage of an annual inspection of their premises, to detect points of faulty construction in the sanitary arrangements, to suggest alterations, to give reports as to exact condition, with diagrams of pipes, and to overlook generally those sanitary conditions on which health so much depends.

These advantages can be secured upon payment to the Society of an entrance fee of two guineas, and an annual subscription of one guinea, for houses within five miles of Charing Cross which are rated below 400l. per annum. In these days of Jerry building such an inspection is certainly necessary; but on the principle that prevention is better than cure, it is a pity that pressure cannot be brought upon landlords to compel them to build houses with sanitary arrangements so free from defect that such after-inspection would be needless. There are many families in which illness seems to be one of the conditions of existence. We beg to point out to such unfortunates the establishment of this Society, which may happily be able to find a cause and cure for their ailments more readily than the medical man.

Mr. John Aitken, in a paper brought before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, has contributed to our knowledge of the causes of fogs some novel and startling information. From careful experiments with moist air he concludes that water vapour will not condense unless it has some solid particles to condense upon. Fogs, therefore, depend upon minute particles of dust in the atmosphere, and such dust may consist of living germs, finely pulverised earthy matter, the exploded remnants of meteorites, or various other things. For this reason Mr. Aitken considers that it is hopeless to expect freedom from fog, although any lessening of smoke and its concomitant impurities would of course render it comparatively innocuous. He also referred incidentally in his paper to the

(Continued on page 118)



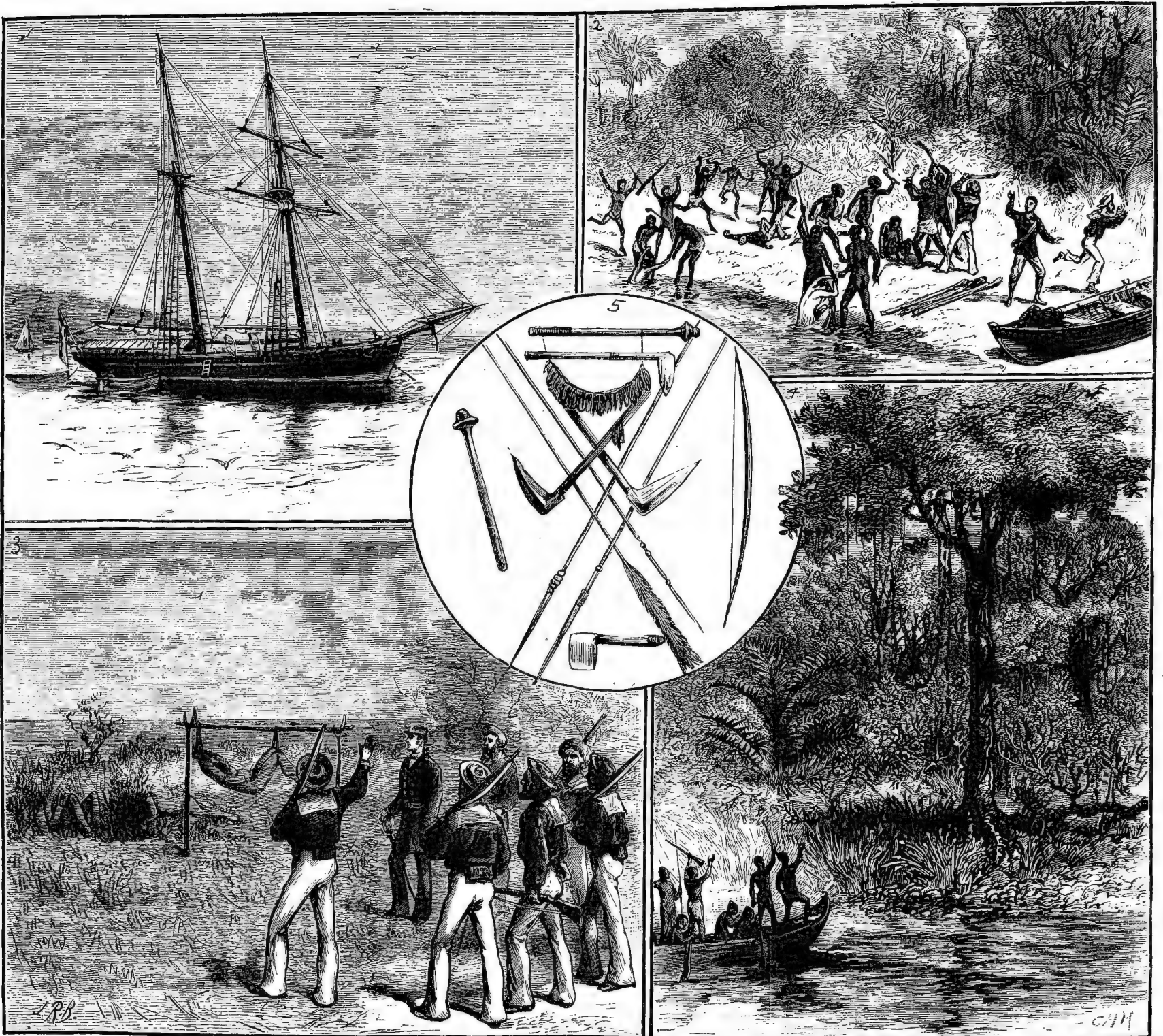
SURGEON HENRY GRIER, ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
Awarded the Albert Medal for Saving Life



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER LAWRENCE FALLS, 21ST REGIMENT
Killed by the Boers at Potchefstroom, Dec. 17, 1880



COL. BELLAIRS, C.B.
Besieged in the Fort, Potchefstroom, Transvaal



1. H.M. Schooner *Sandfly* in Port Jackson.—2. The Attack on Lieut. Bower and the Boat's Crew.—3. Finding the Bodies of Venton, Carne, and Paterson.—4. The Natives Discovering Lieut. Bower in a Tree.—5. Native Weapons.

THE MASSACRE OF LIEUT. BOWER AND FIVE SEAMEN OF H.M.S. "SANDFLY" IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"You are the only man I ever knew who spent his honeymoon—alone!"

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," "THE MONKS OF THELEMA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW LORD CHUDLEIGH WOKE OUT OF SLEEP

ALAS! there was small pride in that thought. What joy of being Lady Chudleigh, when I had to pick my way home through the dirty and crowded market, thinking of the pain and grief this wicked thing would cause my ladies when they learned it, of the shame with which my father's soul would have been filled had he known it, and the wrath of Lady Levett when she should hear it! "Oh, Kitty!" I thought, "how miserably art thou changed in four short months! In the happy fields at home, everything (save when the rustics swore at their cattle) breathed of religion and virtue; in this dreadful place everything leads to profligacy and crime. And what a crime! And the poor young gentleman! Did ever any one hear the like that a young girl, not yet quite seventeen, should thus consent to marry a man whom she had never seen! Oh, shame and disgrace! And that young man, so handsome and so gallant, albeit so tipsy that he could scarcely stand. Who would have thought, four months ago, that Kitty would be that dreadful creature!" Afterwards, I thought of the dreadful wickedness of marrying while still in mourning for a father not yet six months dead. But I confess that at first, so confused was I, that this thought did not oppress me. Indeed, there was almost too much to think about. Suppose the young man (whose name I did not dare to pronounce) were to see me, and find my name! Suppose the doctor were at once to reveal to my husband, I suppose I ought to call him—who and what I was! All these thoughts, I say, crowded into my mind together, and filled me with repentant terrors. I went straight home, because there was no other place to go to. Mrs. Deborah reminded me, when I had taken off my hood, that we were still engaged upon the long outstanding account between Richard Roe, gentleman, and Robert Doe, Draper. It was one of the problems of the Book-keeping Treatise, how rightly to state this account to the satisfaction both of Doe (who wanted all he could get), and of Roe (who wanted to pay as little as possible). I remember that Richard Roe had not only bought extraordinary things (for a gentleman), such as ladies' hoops and paniers, but had bought them in immense quantities, to be explained, perhaps, by the supposition that he was a benefactor to the female sex, or perhaps that he was shipping things to Madagascar, where I believe a sarsnet pinner, if in scarlet, is considered worth a diamond as big as a pigeon's egg; and a few bottles of Eau de Chypre are thought a bargain, if purchased by a ruby weighing a pound or so. We had been engaged for a month upon a statement of the account showing the exact liabilities of Richard Roe (who used to

pay in odd sums, with pence and farthings, at unexpected times); we never got it right, and then we began again. Fortunately, it costs nothing to clean a slate.

I sat down to this task with listless brain. What girl, after being so suddenly hurled into matrimony, with the possession of so great a secret, could take any interest in the debts of Richard Roe! The figures got mixed; presently I was fain to lay the slate aside, and to declare that I could do no more that day.

Nor, indeed, could I do anything—not even hear what was said, so that my ladies thought I was sickening for some fever; which was not improbable, fever being rife at this time, owing to the smell from the vegetables, and one of the little Dunquerques in our own house down with it. Ah! could they only have guessed the truth, what sorrow and pity would have been theirs, with what righteous wrath at the sin!

When I was gone, the doctor called back Roger, and they carried the unhappy bridegroom again to the bedroom, where they laid him on the bed and then left him to himself.

"He will sleep," said the doctor, experienced in these cases, "until the afternoon. Have a cup of mutton-broth for him when he wakes, with a pint of small ale."

Then he returned, and the ordinary business of the day began. The couples came in—half-a-dozen of them. One pair gave him five guineas. They were an Irishman, who thought he was marrying a rich widow; and a woman head over ears in debt, who thought she was marrying a wealthy squire. A week afterwards the unhappy bridegroom came to the doctor to undo the match, which was impossible. He escaped his wife's creditors, however, and took to the road, where, after many gallant exploits, he was caught, tried, and hanged at Tyburn, making a gallant and edifying end, and ruffling it bravely to the very foot of the ladder. The day, therefore, was profitable to the doctor.

"Well begun, Roger," he said, "is well done. The morning's work is worth ten guineas. I would rest this afternoon; wherefore, bring no more couples. Yet one would fain not disappoint the poor creatures. Let them come, then, Roger. We may not weary in well-doing. And, hark ye, take this guinea to Mistress Dunquerque—not the captain, mind—and bid her spend it for the children; and inquire whether Mr. Stallabras hath paid his rent lately; if not, pay it; and buy me, on Ludgate Hill, a hat and feathers for Miss Kitty; and, varlet! if thou so much as breathe of what was done here this morning—I threaten not, but I know the history of thy life. Think of the past; think of Newgate, close by; and be silent as the grave."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, when the doctor, after his

dinner, sat over a cool pipe of Virginia, Lord Chudleigh came downstairs. He was dressed, and in his right mind, although somewhat flushed of cheek and his hand shaky.

"Dr. Shovel," he said, "I thank you for your hospitality, and am sorry that I have abused it. I am ashamed to have fallen into so drunken and helpless a condition."

"Your lordship," said the doctor, rising and bowing, "is welcome to such hospitality as this poor house of a prisoner in the Liberties of the Fleet can show a nobleman of your rank. I am the more bound to show this welcome to your lordship, because, for such as is my condition, I am beholden to the late Lord Chudleigh."

This was a speech which might have more than one meaning. His lordship made no answer, staring in some perplexity, and fearful that the punch might still be in his head.

"It was in this room," he said presently, "that we drank last night. I remember your chair, and these walls; but I remember little more. Fie, doctor! your way of treating guests is too generous. Yet I have had a curious and uneasy dream. Those books"—he pointed to the Register and the Prayer Book—"were those upon the table last night? They were in my dream—a very vivid and real dream. I thought I was standing here. Your man was beside me. Opposite to me was a girl, or woman, her face and figure covered with a hood, so that I knew not what she was like. Then you read the marriage-service, drew the ring from off my finger, and placed it upon hers. And you pronounced us man and wife. A strange and interesting dream!"

"What was the ring, my lord?"

"A diamond ring, set round with pearls; within, the crest of my house, and my initials."

"Let me see the ring, my lord."

He changed colour.

"I cannot find it."

"My lord, I know where the ring is." The doctor spoke gravely, bending his great eyebrows. Lord Chudleigh was a man of fine presence, being at least five feet ten inches in height, without counting the heels of his boots and the foretop of his wig. Yet the doctor, whose heels were thicker and his toupee higher, was six feet two without those advantages. Therefore he towered over his guest as he repeated:

"I know where to find that ring!"

"You cannot mean, doctor—" cried Lord Chudleigh, all the blood flying to his face.

"I mean, my lord, simply this, that at eight o'clock this morning, or thereabouts, you rose, came downstairs, met a young lady who was waiting for you, and were by me, in presence of trustworthy witnesses, duly and properly married."

"But it was a dream!" he cried, catching at the table. "No dream at all, my lord. A fact, which you will find it difficult to contradict. Your marriage is entered in my Register; I have the lines on a five-shilling stamp. I am an ordained minister of the Church of England; the hours were canonical. It is true that I may be fined a hundred pounds for consenting to perform the ceremony; but it will be hard to collect that money. Meanwhile, those who would inflict the fine would be the last to maintain that sacerdotal powers, conferred upon me at ordination, can suffer any loss by residence in the Fleet. Ponder this, my lord."

"Married?" cried Lord Chudleigh. "Married? It is impossible." "Your dream, my lord, was no dream at all, but sober truth, believe me."

"Married!" he repeated. "Married," said Dr. Shovel. "I fear that your state of mind, during the performance of the ceremony, was not such as a clergyman could altogether wish to see. Still, who am I, to decide when a gentleman is too drunk to marry?"

"Married! Ch this is some dreadful dream! Where is my bride? Show me my wife!"

"She is gone, Lord Chudleigh."

"Gone! Where is she gone?"

The doctor shook his head for an answer.

"Who is she? What is her name? How came she here?" "I am sorry that I cannot answer your lordship in these particulars. She came—she was married—she went away! In her own good time she will doubtless appear again."

"But who is she?" he repeated. "What is she like? Why did she marry me?"

"Why did your lordship marry her? That methinks would be the proper question."

"Show me your Register, man!" Lord Chudleigh was sober enough now, and brought his fist down upon the table in peremptory fashion. "Show me your Register and your certificate!"

"Ta! ta! ta!" cried the doctor. "Softly, young man, softly! We are not used to threats in this chapel-of-ease, where I am archbishop, bishop, and chaplain, all in one. For the Register, it is securely locked up; for the certificate, it is perhaps in the hands of Lady Chudleigh."

"Lady Chudleigh!"

"Perhaps her ladyship hath consigned it to my keeping. In either case, you shall not see it."

"This is a conspiracy," cried Lord Chudleigh. "I have been detained by rogues and knaves! This is no true marriage."

"You would say that I am lying. Say so, but, at your peril, think so. You are as truly married as if you had been united in your own parish church, by your own bishop. Believe that, for your own safety, if you believe nothing else. At the right time, her ladyship will be revealed to you. And remember, my lord—here the doctor, towering over him, shook his great forefinger in warning or menace—"should you attempt another marriage in the lifetime of your present wife, you shall be brought to your trial for bigamy as sure as my name is Gregory Shovel. Laws, in this country, are not altogether made for the punishment of the poor, and even a peer may not marry more than one woman."

"I will have this wickedness exposed," cried his lordship, hotly. "Alas! my lord," said the doctor, "the name of Gregory Shovel is already well known. I am but what your father caused me to be."

"My father! Then there is revenge. . . . The benefits which my father conferred on you—"

"They were greater than any I can confer upon you. He kept me with him as his private jester. I found him wit; he fed me upon promises. He turned me forth, to be flung into a debtor's prison. That, however, was nothing. Your lordship will own"—here the doctor laughed, but without merriment—"that I have returned good for evil; for, whereas your father robbed me of a wife, I have presented you with one."

"O villain!" cried my lord. "To revenge the wrongs of the father upon the son—and this wretch continues to wear the gown of a clergyman!"

"Say what you please. So rejoiced am I with this day's work that I allow you to cast at me what names come readiest to your tongue. But remember that curses sometimes come home."

"Where is my wife, then?" he demanded furiously.

"I shall not tell you. Meantime, choose. Either let this matter be known to all the world, or let it remain, for the present, a secret between you and me. As for the lady, she will be silent. As for the rogue, my clerk, if he so much as breathed the secret to the cabbage-stalks, I have that which will hang him."

"I want to see the woman who calls herself my wife," he persisted.

"That shall you not. But perhaps, my lord, you would like to go home to St. James's Square with such a wedding-party as we could provide for you: a dozen of Fleet parsons, fuddled; the bride's friends, who might be called from their stalls in the market; the music of the butchers, with salt-boxes, marrow-bones, and cleavers; the bride herself. Look out of the window, my lord. Which of the ragged baggages and trollops among the market-women most takes your lordship's fancy?"

Lord Chudleigh looked and shuddered.

"Go your way," the doctor went on, "and always remember you have a spouse. Some day, for the better glorifying of your noble name, I will produce her. But not yet. Be under no immediate apprehension. Not yet. At some future time, when you are happy in the applause of a nation and the honours of a sovereign, when your way is clear before you and your conscience gives you the sweet balm of approbation, when you have forgotten this morning, we shall come, your wife and I, with 'Room for my Lady Chudleigh! Way there for her ladyship and Dr. Gregory Shovel from the Rules of the Fleet!'"

"Man," replied Lord Chudleigh, "I believe you are a devil. Do what you will; do your worst. Yet know that the woman may proclaim her infamy and your own; as for me, I will not speak to her, nor listen to her, nor own her."

"Good!" said the doctor, rubbing his hands. "We talk in vain. I now bid farewell to your lordship. Those convivial meetings which you desired to witness will still continue. Let me hope to welcome your lordship again on the scene of your unexpected triumphs. Many, indeed, is the man who hath come into this house single and gone out of it double; but none for whom awaits a future of such golden promise. My most hearty congratulations on this auspicious and joyful event! What can come out of this place but youth, beauty, birth, and virtue? And yet, my lord, there is one singularity in the case. One moment, I pray—for Lord Chudleigh was already outside the door—"you are the only man I ever knew who spent his honeymoon—alone!"

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW MRS. DEBORAH WAS RELEASED

No one would be interested to read more of my shame and repentance at that time; nor does it help to tell how the doctor was asked by my ladies if I was subject to any kind of illness for which I might be sickening. The reply of the doctor to them, and his private admonitions to myself, may be partly passed over; it was true, no doubt, as he said while I trembled before him, that a young girl, ignorant and untaught, would do well to trust her conscience into the spiritual direction of a regularly ordained clergyman of the Church of England like himself. As for the marriage, I was to remember that it was done, and could not be undone. He hung

round my neck by a black ribbon the diamond ring, my wedding ring, by which to keep my condition ever before myself; to be sure it was not likely that I should forget it, without the glitter and sparkle of the brilliants, which I used to look at night and morning in secret. What did he think of me, this husband of mine, the young man with the handsome face, the white hands, and the fixed, strange eyes? Did he, night and morning, every day, curse his unknown wife?

"Let him curse," said the doctor. "Words break no bones; curses go home again; deeds cannot be undone. Patience, Kitty! before long thou shalt be confessed by all the world, the Lady Chudleigh. Come, cheer up, child!" he concluded kindly. "As for what is done, it is done. Partly I did it to clear off an old score, whereof I may perhaps tell thee at another time, and partly for thy honour and glory. Thy father, Kitty, was proud of his name and family, though he married my sister, the daughter of a tenant farmer; but never a Pleydell yet has been lifted up so high as thou shalt be: while as to the Shovels, I am myself the only great man they have yet sent into the world, and they are not likely to go beyond the Chaplain of the Fleet."

Then he held up his great forefinger, as long and thick as a school ruler, bent his shaggy eyebrows, and pushed out his lips.

"Remember, child, silence! And go no more moping and sorrowful, because thou shalt soon sit in thine own coach, with the world at thy feet, singing the praises of the beautiful Lady Chudleigh. Such a girl as my Kitty for Sir Miles Lackington? Why, he hath eyes for the beauty of a glass of Bordeaux—he hath sense to rejoice over a bowl of punch; but from Helen of Troy or Cleopatra of Egypt he would turn away for a bottle of port. Or Stallabras, now—should such a creature as he presume to think of such a woman? Let poets sing of women at a distance—the farther off the better they sing—that is right. Why, child, such curls as thine, such roses of red and white, such brown eyes, such lips and cheek and chin, such a figure as thou canst show to dazzle the eyes of foolish boys—Lord Chudleigh should go on his knees before me in gratitude and transport. And, believe me, some day he will."

We are all alike, we women. Call us beautiful, and you please us. It was almost the first time that any one had called me beautiful save Sir Miles Lackington when in his cups, or Solomon Stallabras in his poetic way. Yet every pretty girl knows that she is pretty. There are a thousand things to tell her; the whispers of the women, the sidelong looks of the folk in the streets, the envy of envious girls, the praise of kindly girls, her glass, the deference paid by men of all classes and all ages to beauty, the warnings of teachers, nurses, governesses, and matrons that beauty is but skin deep, virtue is better than looks, handsome is as handsome does, 'tis better to be good than pretty, comeliness lasts for a year, while goodness lasts for ever, and so on—all these things make a girl on whom heaven has bestowed this most excellent gift of beauty know quite as well as other people what she possesses, though she knows not yet the power of the gift.

"You are pretty, child," said Mrs. Esther to me on the very same day as the doctor. "You will be a beautiful woman."

"Which is no good to a girl in the Rules," said Mrs. Deborah, "but rather a snare and a danger."

"Nay, sister," said Mrs. Esther, "it is a consolation to be beautiful. You, dear, when we were thirty years younger, were beautiful enough to melt the heart even of the monster Bambridge."

"A beautiful face and person," Mrs. Deborah added, with a smile on her poor face as she thought of the past, "should belong to a good and virtuous soul. In the better world I have no doubt that the spirits of the just will arise in such beauty of face and form as shall be unto themselves and their friends an abiding joy."

Let us think so; when I die it may be a consolation to me that a return to the beauty of my youth is nigh at hand. I am but a woman, and there is nothing in the world—except the love of my husband and my children—that I think more precious than my past beauty.

Soothed, then, by my uncle's flatteries, comforted by his promises, and terrified by his admonitions, I fell in a very few days into the dreams by which youth beguiles the cares of the present. My husband, Lord Chudleigh, would go his own way, and never ask after me; I should go mine as if he did not exist; some time or other we should leave the Liberties of the Fleet, and go to live near Lady Levett and my dear Nancy. As for the coronet and the rank, I was too ignorant to think much about them. They were so high above me, I knew so little what they meant, that I no more thought of getting them than of getting David's harp and crown. I waited, therefore, being a wife and yet no wife, married and yet never seen by my husband; sacrificed to the wrath of the doctor, as that poor Greek maiden in the story told me by my father, murdered at Aulis to appease the wrath of a goddess.

Two events happened which, between them, quite drove the marriage out of my mind, and for awhile made me forget it altogether.

The first of these was the illness of Mrs. Deborah.

There was fever about the market, as I have said; one of the little girls of Mrs. Dunquerque, in our house, was laid down with it. In autumn there was always fever in the place, caused, my ladies said, by the chill and fog of the season, by the stench of the vegetables and fruit of the market, and perhaps by the proximity of Newgate, where gaol fever was always cheating the gallows. One day, therefore, Miss Deborah lay down, and said she would rather not get up again any more. She would not eat, nor would she have any medicine except a little tar-water, which seemed to do her no good. When she got very ill indeed she consented to see an apothecary; he prescribed blood-letting, which, contrary to expectation, made her only weaker. Then we went to the old woman who kept a herb shop at the other end of Fleet Lane, and was more skilful than any physician. She gave us feverfew, camomile, and dandelion, of which we made hot drinks. As the patient grew worse instead of better, she made an infusion of shepherd's-purse, penny-cress, and pepper-wort, to stimulate the system; she brought a tansy-pudding, which poor Mrs. Deborah refused to eat; and when gentian water failed, the old woman could do no more.

On the fifth day Mrs. Deborah gave herself up, and contemplated her end in a becoming spirit of cheerfulness. She comforted her sister with the hope that she, too, would before long join her in a world "where there is no noise, my dear, no fighting, no profane swearing, no dirt, no confusion, no bawling, no starving, no humiliation. There shall we sit in peace and quiet, enjoying the dignity and respect which will be no doubt paid to two Christian gentlewomen."

"I might have known it," sighed poor Mrs. Esther in her tears. "Only a week ago a strange dog howled all night below our window. I should have known it for a warning, sent for you, my dear, or for me, or for Kitty. It cannot have been meant for Sir Miles, for the poor gentleman, being in his cups, would not notice it; nor to Mr. Stallabras, for he sets no store by such warnings."

"It was for me," said Mrs. Deborah, with resignation, while Mrs. Esther went on recollecting omens.

"Last night I heard the death-watch. Then, indeed, sister, I gave you up."

"It was a message for me," said the sick woman, as if she had been Christiana in the story.

"And this morning I heard a hen crow in the market—a hen in a basket. Alas! who can have any doubt?"

"It is but six weeks," said Mrs. Deborah, feebly, "since a hearse on its way to a funeral stopped before our door. I remember now, but we little thought then, what that meant."

"I saw, only a fortnight ago," continued Mrs. Esther, "a wind-sheet in the tallow. I thought it pointed at Kitty, but would not frighten the child. Sister, we are but purblind mortals."

Far be it from me to laugh at beliefs which have so deep a root in Englishwomen's hearts: nor is it incredible to those who believe in the Divine interference, that signs and warnings of death should be sent beforehand, if only to turn the thoughts heavenward and lead sinners to repent. But this I think, that if poor Mrs. Deborah had not accepted these warnings for herself, she might have lived on to a green old age, as did her sister. Being, therefore, convinced in her mind that her time was come, she was only anxious to make due preparation. She would have been disappointed at getting well, as one who has packed her boxes for a long journey, but is told at the last moment that she must wait.

As she grew weaker, her brain began to wander. She talked of Bagnigge Wells, of Cupid's Garden, the entertainments of her father's company, and the childish days when everything was hopeful. While she talked, Mrs. Esther wept, and whispered to me:

"She was so pretty and merry! Oh! child, if you could have seen us both in our young days—if you could have seen my Deborah with her pretty saucy ways; her roguish smile, her ready wit made all to love her! Ah! me—me—those happy days! and now! My dear Deborah, it is well that thou shouldst go."

This was on the morning of Mrs. Deborah's last day in life. In the afternoon her senses returned to her, and we propped her up, pale and weak, and listened while she spoke words of love and farewell, to be kept sacred in the memory of those who had to go on living.

"For thirty years, dear sister," she murmured, while their two thin hands were held in each other's clasp—"for thirty years we have prayed daily unto the Lord to have pity upon all prisoners and captives, meaning, more especially, ourselves. Now, unto me hath He shown this most excellent mercy, and calleth me to a much better place than we can imagine or deserve. I had thought it would be well if He would lead us out of this ward to some place where, in green lanes and fields, we might meditate for a space in quiet before we died. I should like to have heard the song of the lark and seen the daisies. But God thinks otherwise."

"Oh, sister—sister!" cried Mrs. Esther.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," said Mrs. Deborah. "Kitty, child," she turned her pale face to me, "be kind to my sister."

We wept together. Outside there was the usual tumult of the market—men buying and selling, with shouts and cries; within, three women weeping, and one dying.

"Go, dear," said she who was dying; "call the doctor. He hath been very generous to us. Tell him I would receive the last offices from his hands."

The doctor came. He read the appointed service in that deep voice of his, which was surely given him for the conversion of the wicked. The tears streamed down his face as he bent over the bed, saying in the words of the Epistle appointed: "My daughter, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him. For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth; and scourgeth every child whom He receiveth."

In the evening the poor lady died, being released from her long imprisonment by that Royal Mandate, the Will of God.

We buried her in the green and pleasant churchyard of Islington. It is a sweet spot, far removed from the noise of London; and though her poor remains feel nothing, nor can hear any more the tumult of crowds, it is good to think that round her are no streets, only the few houses of the village. She lies surrounded by fields and trees; the daisies grow over her grave, the lark sings above the church: she is at rest and in peace.

(To be continued)



THE WEATHER.—Of the great snowstorm and frost of January, 1881, future years will speak as we do to-day of the gale that wrecked the *Royal Charter*, and of the winter of the "Retra" from Moscow. The Arctic invasion was intensest in its cold on the western coast of Scotland; it was most terrible in its rage of wind on the east coast of England. The thermometer near Glasgow registered 42 degrees of frost; the gale off Yarmouth cost the country over fifty lives. A heavy snowfall was general from Norwich to Galway; from Wick to Torquay. The drifts were in places 20 feet deep, while many flocks of sheep were wholly lost from Dartmoor and Salisbury to the wolds of Yorkshire and the hills of North Britain. The great wave of cold which has struck these islands has also caused very bitter weather all over Europe, and 70 deg. of frost in the Central United States.

MR. BRIGHT AND THE FARMERS.—The English Gracchus writes to an agricultural friend: "I have preached to farmers for nearly forty years with but little result. American competition may speak to them and to our landlord class with more effect." Mr. Bright is usually plainspeaking enough; but here he is rather obscure. Does he mean by the above words that his doctrines of Free Trade have taken but little root among agriculturists, and that they had now better be thinking of a return to Protection? This will fairly bear that interpretation.

TREES.—Lombardy poplars should have, according to Mr. Robert Marnock, an extended use. "It may have been noticed, when looking abroad on the general landscape, how extremely effective a group becomes when seen on the horizon, occupying the apex of some distant knoll. The Lombardy poplar may frequently and with very good effect be planted close to buildings, such as the entrance front of a mansion." We may add that very good suggestions for the employment of these trees may be obtained from a study of certain works of the early Italian masters, in which a Lombardic landscape is introduced as a background. The introduction of more poplars, however, should be made with discretion. We have seen in France positively disagreeable effects produced by lineal and other bad arrangements of poplars. We attach more importance to the ash, which unhappily is quite dying out in certain English counties. Graceful growth and useful wood should recommend it to landowners, whether their objects are pleasure or profit.

THE COMPOSITION OF PLANTS.—Mr. Ivison Macadam in a recent lecture on the food of plants shows the constituents of many ordinary plants to vary greatly as regards the proportion of water to solid matter. About 80 per cent. of water to 20 of dry residue is the most usual ratio, and to this pelargoniums, fuchsias, and dracenas closely adhere. The begonia, however, is composed of 96 per cent. of water, the primula of 91 per cent., while on the other hand there is more dry matter than water in the lobelia, and over 30 per cent. of dry matter in the heliotropes. The systematic study of plant composition must needs be a great aid to their systematic feeding with the chemical constituents required for their development and life, constituents which vary curiously even in cognate orders of plants.

ONIONS.—The dearthness of onion seed at the present time should render gardeners very cautious in their purchases, as there is a great temptation to palm off inferior seeds on unsuspecting purchasers. Portuguese and Spanish onions, for instance, do not seem likely to be very different, and many purchasers asking for white

JAN. 29, 1881

Lisbon, would not trouble to look into the matter. The illicit gain to the vendor, however, would be no less than half-a-crown on the pound. The scarcity of onion seed is likely to result in a small crop this season, and high prices remaining prevalent. For those, therefore, who have any old stores of onion seed, now is the time.

WASTE IN FARMING, writes Mr. Edward Millard, is divisible—like Gaul and Lord Beaconsfield's profits—into three parts. Landlords, tenants, and labourers are all wasteful. The landlord's waste is in undrained lands, small fields, crooked fences, wide hedgerows, excessive timber, over preservation, unsuitable buildings, bad cottages, and restraining clauses in leases. Lest the landlord should think he is hardly dealt with, Mr. Millard goes on to say that farmers are wasteful through ignorance, prejudice, want of enterprise, want of science, want of book-keeping habits. After his betters have been thus taken to task the agricultural labourer will hardly be surprised to find himself—well, not immaculate. The labourer's greatest fault is the waste of time. Even with piece-work he does not strive to increase his wages. If our agricultural labourers could only see that more work on their part would result in higher wages there would be some hope of this evil being overcome. The labourers work best in the North of England; and they earn most. For want of skill and the want of desire to learn the best ways of doing things, much waste is caused over and beyond mere sluggishness and evasion of toil.

THE MECCHI FUND has already attained a respectable figure. Our landed and agricultural nobility were not behindhand in their appreciation of Mr. Mecchi when living, and thus far the Memorial Fund money has come principally from them. Their cheques, from ten to a hundred guineas, are welcome; at the same time it is to be regretted that the subscription has not been placed a popular basis. Mr. Mecchi was both a man and a friend of the people; he belonged to the great middle class amongst which the great majority of his personal friends was to be found. Five thousand simple guineas would have been a better memorial than a hundred fifty guinea cheques; if only for the reason that through the larger number of subscriptions, a larger range of sympathy would have been shown.

TURNIP DISEASE.—Very grave fears are beginning to be entertained lest a parasitic fungoid growth recently discovered to be a disease among turnips should extend in a manner similar to the potato rot. In Scotland, which prides itself on the turnips, and boasts of the cattle fed thereon, the alarm is deepest, but the occasion for anxiety is not limited to North Britain. The introduction of fresh seed and new varieties is being suggested, but these diseases of vegetable growths are so strange, obscure, and mysterious in their propagation and development that no certain means of combating them can be specified.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.—The artist poet, Mr. William Morris, has attacked the gardeners, and warns us that future generations will reproach us for letting the Dog Rose, the Sweet Briar, the Persian Yellow, and the Cabbage Rose die out from among us. The *Gardener's Chronicle* thinks, on the contrary, that the present generation will have the future's thanks in that it "took up the flowers of past ages, and by the subtle forces of hybridisation converted them into the most gorgeous, the most beautiful of all flowers, and made them regal and queenly." Now as regards mere beauty, artists and poets are likely to know better than gardeners, while the general run of people find gorgeousness very fatiguing and certainly seek no plethora of kings and queens. Flowers are for quiet delight and not for exhibition and ostentatious display, while the lovely scents of the old flowers were perhaps more precious even than beauty, being to the flower what inner worth and goodness are to mankind.

HORSES are improving a little in price. Two good sales at the Birmingham Horse Exchange have shown a better value to have become current, while some American horses, sold at Tattersall's, also realised good rates.—Thirty-two hunters, the property of the Empress of Austria, have reached Combermere Abbey.—It is said that Mr. Keene, who recently lost Blue Gown on the Atlantic passage, is looking out for another good stallion to replace the loss.—The first birth this year at the Chamant stud was a chestnut foal, by Flageolet out of La Coureuse.—A new Clydesdale Horse Association has been formed in Wigtownshire.



TWENTY years ago, when Professor Jevons was startling us by prophesying the speedy exhaustion of our coal supply, Mr. Hull maintained that, counting the concealed fields, we had still enough, above the greatest workable depth of 4,000 feet, to last a thousand years, even with the present waste in consumption. His "Coal Fields of Great Britain" (Stanford), has since then been twice rewritten, and has reached a fourth edition. He treats of the coal districts of the world—the resin coal of New Zealand, the combustible schist of Tasmania, the cretaceous coal-fields of Colorado, &c., and touches on such deeply interesting questions as the teleology of our English stratification. Everything has been arranged for the best. Had the direction of dip upheaval and denudation been reversed, our coal-measures would have been buried beneath a mass of secondary rocks, and Britain would have been a mere appendage to the Continent. Ireland, on the other hand, has, as if by some evil genius, been deprived of nearly all the coal to which the vast extent of her carboniferous rocks entitle her. Still Mr. Hull says that the output even from the little fields of Dungannon, Ballycastle, &c., might be greatly increased. Our coal was used by the Romans (cinders are found among their remains), but it is not mentioned in Domesday Book. Mr. Hull half believes that the medieval miner had no light save the phosphorescence from dried fish; we wish he had said something about the possibility of superseding the dim Davy lamp by electric lighting; he may have done so in the appendix which, though referred to, is omitted in this edition. We are glad to find so thorough a work so well appreciated.

The Cambridge Professor of Arabic was asked to choose a representative Mussulman for Messrs. Marcus Ward's "New Plutarch." He named Aaron the Just, assuring the astonished editors that he was as real a man as Charlemagne. These 200 pages, a wonderful half-crown's worth, give us the "Haroun Alraschid" of history; they give also a good store of anecdotes which will delight those who remember their Arabian Nights. Professor Palmer explains that his often trivial tales reflect fully the Arab society of those days. He did well not to omit any but the best-known tales, for it takes a deal of light reading to render endurable the weary dullness of Mahomedan history. No doubt the fault is ours, but even he cannot interest us in the rise of the Abbassides; though we are grateful for his chapter on the Barmecides, whose story is, as he says, one of the most pathetic in Eastern annals. We all know the better features of Haroun's court; an apposite story was as common a thing there as at the White House under President Lincoln; but the jokers joked with a sword over their heads. Less known is the misery of the Caliph's latter days; his sons were only waiting his death to fall on one another; and, while fully aware of this, the dying man had a rebel chief's brother hewn in pieces before his eyes; a sad end to the "golden prime." The volume will take high rank in what is one of the best of our many series.

From being perhaps the ugliest of European cities, London is rapidly becoming, since King Stucco's dethronement, externally one of the most artistic. "But what of the interiors?" asks the passer-by. "Does the change in them correspond with these new glories of brick and terra-cotta?" Mrs. Caddy, in "Lares and Penates" (Chatto and Windus), makes us free of a good many interiors—Mr. Fitzmaurice's "Porphyry House" on Carlton Terrace, for instance; Sir F. Leighton's house in Holland Park; Lady Marian Alford's in Kensington Gore. This way of introducing the public not to "celebrities at home," but to the homes which the celebrities have spent thought and wealth in beautifying, seems un-English, but we suppose the celebrities like it. When a man has, like Mr. Fitzmaurice, a house full of priceless treasures (the "Spanish point" in the tea-room alone being worth 6,000*l.*), and changes them every fortnight for equally valuable things from his country-houses, he must surely be rejoiced that at any rate Mrs. Caddy's readers know something about his Owen Jones rooms, and his Zuleago coffers, and his aluminium dinner plate. The Norwood cottage of a pattern-designer, with real taste and a managing wife, is well contrasted with this millionaire's town palace. The whole book is well worth reading, for it is full of practical suggestions. Mrs. Caddy thinks school a mistake, and she is so far right that home is always the best school of life, for girls at least. It is the parents' fault or misfortune that children must so often go away. In describing a Peabody Building she hits several blots; the dust place ought to have a furnace in which rubbish should be regularly burnt, and the hot water of neighbouring steam-mills should be utilised for laundry, &c., as has long since been done at Bideford. We believe in washable ceilings; and while we hope a lady help is not always a helpless lady, we fear girls brought up in large orphanages are too often "truthless, sullen, and ignorant." Mrs. Caddy's style is trying. She should leave it to Postlethwaite to call one house a Florentine tulip, and another a narcissus, and to talk of "each room as a distinct chord of colour—a Spanish organ strain, varied by sweetly sober bursts of the trumpet." But we hope this art slang will deter nobody from taking up a book which teaches a good deal about sweetening poor lives as well as giving grace to wealthy ones.

Mr. J. M. Waite, late Second Life Guards, in "Lessons in Sabre, Single Stick, &c." (Weldon and Co.), claims to have improved sabre-play by adapting to it many of the fencer's methods of attack and defence. He learnt fencing from Prevost, sabre from Bushman's pupil, Platts; he is therefore an adept at both, whereas other instructors "have forgotten that a sabre has a point as well as an edge." Besides sabre play, he deals with sabre against bayonet, and also with sword feats, of which cutting a sheep in two at one stroke, and dividing an apple in a handkerchief without injuring the latter, are his own invention.

In 1867 Mr. Cates based on the thirteenth edition of the "Treasury of Biography" that "Dictionary of General Biography" (Longmans) of which the third edition is before us. The work has already won a place in general esteem, and this edition fully maintains its character. Were we disposed to be hypercritical we might point out that Robin Hood (of whose date Mr. Cates is so sure) is almost as mythical as the Fingal who was in the first edition classed among "important historical personages." Buddha, again, is not a historical name but a title; and of Kapin Mr. Cates might have told us that he wrote much of his history in a castle in one of the glens of West Donegal. He might have said something, too, of Fagon, Louis XIV.'s physician, and of the author of the "Marseillaise." But the best biographical dictionary must fail in some minutiae.

Mr. A. A. Knox's weakness is trying to be funny. He calls his driver "the defunct Ali" and says "the dead coachman came to the door," because the brethren of the whip had wanted to persuade Mrs. Knox that he to whom she had been recommended was no longer alive. When he comes to history he is unbearable; fancy Massinissa "thinking of love in a cottage and afternoon tea with the woman of his heart." Even on general topics he sometimes forgets himself; "By George, the leaders will have to swim for it" may pass, but "How the deuce are you to grow cotton in a land of permanent drought?" is bad form. Nevertheless these 500 pages contain much pleasant reading. The picture of Biskra and its dates is excellent. So is the first experience of the desert: "As misty as Glenmoriston on a soft day, with the same mysterious sough everywhere." So is the sketch of Lambessa, where good men pined and died that it might go well with the knot of conspirators who had taken possession of France. Mr. Knox pokes fun at French aspirations after Timbuctoo, and at the ridiculous notion of Algeria being a nursery for soldiers, but he recognises the true dignity with which France has borne the terrible vine-plague. Knowing no Arabic, he could not well gauge Arab ideas as to the future of the country; he ought, by the way, to know French enough not to have written *le nature*.

Mr. C. A. Edwards' "Organs and Organ Building" (The Bazaar) embodies a mass of information in a small compass, although the peculiar type is somewhat trying. In the main this treatise appeals chiefly to the organ-student or thorough musician, but the introductory history of the King of Instruments will suit any reader. The technical portion of the manual has been most carefully prepared, and in part revised by a well-known organ-building firm.

Those ancient national ruins, which our American cousins often sneer at and invariably envy, have found historians galore, and yet there seems room for the three gossip volumes, "Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales" (Warne). Originally due to Mr. J. Timbs, the work was revised and added to some years since by Mr. A. Gunn, and this edition has now been issued afresh. Why, however, amongst their alterations, should the editors have omitted to note the disappearance of Northumberland House?—The relics of the past are also commemorated by "A Bygone Oxford" (Burns and Oates), enlarged from an interesting lecture lately delivered at Oxford by Mr. F. Goldie. Most of the buildings described are now but memories, while of others only a remnant remains.—Amongst these ancient records we may fitly mention the second volume of "The Antiquary" (Elliot Stock) which, under Mr. E. Walford's learned supervision, is full of curious articles and notes. Even in its print, paper, and binding, "The Antiquary" is appropriately old-fashioned.

The *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works, recently published, has been fitly supplemented by "The Bibliography of Thackeray," capitally compiled by Mr. R. H. Shepherd (Elliot Stock). Printed to match the above edition, this bibliography forms its invaluable companion, while the accuracy and completeness of the information are particularly to be commended, the compiler having described each entry with the original lying before him. The writings are chronologically enumerated, and the contributions to *Fraser* and *Punch* are duly noted, while a list of Thackerayana is appended.—A modest little manual of private devotion for use thrice daily is "Morning, Noon, and Night" (same publishers), to which well-known clergy have contributed, under the Rev. E. Garbett's editorship. The prayers and meditations are couched in plain, simple terms.—Another religious work, "Words of Friendly Counsel," by the Rev. G. Everard (Religious Tract Society), is arranged after the style of tracts, and is impressively written.

The hardships undergone by railway servants have rarely been more forcibly set forth than by Mr. M. Reynolds, in "Engine-Driving Life" (Crosby Lockwood). Not merely from hearsay, but from actual experience, the writer draws a stern picture of the difficulties and dangers to be encountered, showing the need of rare tact and judgment, and the heroism of those grimy men who hold so many lives in their power. It is a slow weary ascent from the drudgery of engine-cleaning, when the boy begins by creeping inside the hot fire-box, to

the apex of the career as driver of an express, yet the slightest mischance may rob the man of his position, or of life itself, as Mr. Reynolds graphically illustrates by numerous anecdotes. This little book is thoroughly worth reading.—Valour of a different kind is Mr. Sherlock's theme in "Heroes of the Strife" (Hodder and Stoughton)—the courage of Total Abstinence. Previously the author has cited many illustrious upholders of Temperance, and now he produces seventeen additional examples, amongst whom are Messrs. Bright, Spurgeon, and Herkomer, Cardinal Manning, and Sir Charles Dilke. Mr. Sherlock merely outlines each biography, but pleads his cause well.—So, too, does Dr. Macaulay vigorously argue the cause of dumb creatures in "A Plea for Mercy to Animals" (Partridge), noting the good qualities of the poor beasts, and the needless cruelties inflicted, besides inveighing forcibly against vivisection.

"The Laws of Short Whist" (De La Rue), edited by Mr. J. Loraine Baldwin, are the work of a Committee of the Turf Club, aided by the Portland Club Committee. Short whist made Hoyle obsolete; and Mr. Baldwin's book has had the test of time. In less than twenty years it has gone through several editions. Mr. Clay's treatise, bound up with the "Laws," is full of instruction. Mr. Clay was one of the first to adopt the changes recorded by "Cavendish" in his "Laws and Principles." The treatise contains an interesting account of the difference between French and English play.

FIGURE SKATING

If the merits of an exercise could be said to depend upon the degree of perfection to which it can be brought, figure skating ought to rank higher than any amusement that has yet been invented. For however good a performer may be, and however many figures he can execute, it is always easy to imagine others which he has not yet accomplished; so that the very best skaters can never boast that they have attained anything like perfection in their art. Take a man, for instance, who can get through with ease that very difficult figure called the "continuous eight," which consists of travelling on one foot without any rest again and again over the two circles which make the figure of eight. Being perfect at this, he may introduce into the exercise a "half-double," or a "loop," at each end of the eight; and when that difficulty is mastered, may introduce more doubles, or multiply the loops. So it is with the continuous "Q's," which may be interspersed with doubles and half-doubles *ad libitum*, and worked into a long intricate pattern, resembling lace, as the skater flits along over the ice.

In short, there are enough figures already known, independently of those which may afterwards be invented, to furnish, when combined together, more patterns than any one man is ever likely to learn in a lifetime.

But although the "complete skater," as Izaak Walton might call him, is thus a non-existent and purely imaginative creature, we have got in England and Scotland at the present time some men—ay, and ladies, too—who are at least capable of upholding the national credit in this matter against all comers. About four years ago, when hard winters in England threatened to become almost a myth, there was a natural fear that the Canadian skaters, to say nothing of our American cousins, would altogether outstrip us in the cutting of figures. Some extraordinary tales were told of the feats achieved at Montreal and Quebec, as well as at New York; and Englishmen began to think that if they would save their laurels they must go every winter across the Atlantic in search of ice. Three winters of hard skating have now told a very different tale, and the art of figure-skating is beginning to be almost as familiar to all classes in this country as it is to the good folk of the Dominion. Frost is comparatively so rare a visitor to our ponds and lakes that when it does come we generally make the most of it; and expend in a few days the energy which a Canadian spreads over his whole winter. There is, moreover, this advantage which the Britisher has over his Transatlantic rival, that in this country there has long been a recognised standard of excellence in figure-skating, and certain set rules which distinguish a good from a bad style. To fix the date when the traditional maxims and canons were first established would be altogether impossible. They were certainly known long before the Skating Club was started in 1830. But as soon as that society took the matter up they became embodied in its traditions, and have ever since remained, with few alterations, as the sure test of an accomplished skater. Popular handbooks have now given a sanction to them, and explained them to the world; and the "Club figures" are now skated regularly, and in the orthodox style, in all the local clubs which are beginning to abound. There is at any rate a great charm in thus establishing a general code of rules which bring all English figure-skaters together upon equal terms, and enables a Yorkshireman to join at once in a set made up by a south-country club. In Canada and in the United States each man pretty well pleases himself. He may skate with a straight or a bent knee, as seems good to himself. He may swing his arms or his legs about like a windmill or a mowing machine; and no one has a right to find fault with his peculiar fancy. This is, perhaps, the reason why our friends across the Atlantic do not skate in "sets" of six or eight, and restrict their "combined figures" to evolutions which may be best described as dances on the ice. In England the ambition of the figure-skater is to join in a good set of eight, and get through one of those long bouts of circling movements round an orange in the centre. To accomplish this it is not only necessary to skate strong and bold, and to make each turn and change of edge with clearness and precision, but also to time each movement so accurately, and to keep such exact pace with the rest, as to arrive at the end of each movement without being a second too early or too late. In these exercises the mere execution of the turns and edges is only half the battle: time and pace are much more essential requisites for success; and if a proof were needed of the additional difficulty thus entailed, it might be found in the fact that nothing warms a skater like a combined figure of eight. It is not only that the actual exercise involved in it is severe, but that the constant danger of colliding against one of the other seven performers, the fear of being a moment late, or of swerving a foot out of the course, joined to the ever-impending terror of throwing out the whole, and it induces an excitation of nerves which works a man up very soon to a temperature altogether different from that of the ice below him. These set figures have within the past three years increased very greatly both in variety and difficulty. Returning on the back outside edge to the orange, and starting from it again on the outside back, is no longer an arduous exploit, even where six or eight are skating together, and the interposition of "Q's" and "double threes" is constantly ordered by the caller without fear of a breakdown. While the set figures have not been developing themselves, the solitary figures have not been neglected, and there are several Englishmen who could now make a very good show if pitted against the best Canadian cutter of cross-cuts and grape vines. Thanks to a prolonged practice upon artificial glaciaria, an Englishman is now said to have made a "cross-cut" with a base of 100 inches, and all figure skaters will know what is implied in this feat.

Figure-skating having reached this pitch of excellence, it has been proposed to establish a sort of competition, and to give badges of merit. The idea is at the first blush harmless enough, but it is much to be doubted if it would be a practical success. It would import into an amusement which has hitherto been pursued purely for its own sake, and with the greatest success, an element of rivalry and perhaps of "pot-hunting," and there would be great danger that such a proceeding might spoil, or at least degrade, what has hitherto been essentially an "amateur" pastime.

E. B. M.



A MILKWOMAN



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THE BAKER



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AT A BULL-FIGHT—EL CAPEADOR



There is always a good field to commence with.



But it soon thins



This is what it's all about.

A SITTING OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE double page sketch of the House of Commons presented with *The Graphic* this week should be cherished by some of the hundreds among the public who night after night present themselves for admission to the Chamber, and find the chances of the ballot against them. At no epoch of Parliamentary history has the interest of the public in all that takes place in the House of Commons equalled that which now prevails. Night after night, whether the anticipated proceedings be dull or lively, a great crowd gathers in St. Stephen's Hall, and places are balloted for in the Strangers' Gallery with scarcely less interest than napoleons are put on red or black at Monte Carlo. On Tuesday night in last week a circumstance which has escaped note in the daily papers was marked at Westminster. It was the day of the great and for ever memorable snow-storm, when no one who by any possibility could obtain the privilege of staying at home would venture out. In the House of Lords only three of our hereditary legislators had ventured through the storm. In the House of Commons, greater personal heroism was shown. But still there were gaps here and there, which showed how fearful was the night outside. Yet the Strangers' Gallery was full, and outside on the now fortuitously cushioned seats in St. Stephen's Hall there sat long series of shivering politicians waiting on the off chance of hearing the dulcet tones of Mr. Biggar, or the sometimes exceedingly long-drawn-out sweetness of the eloquence of Dr. Commins or Mr. Arthur O'Connor.

Sterne's starling lives in history because it "could not get out." There are many applicants for admission to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons who go down to their graves saddened by the reflexion that they could not get in. For them comfort is to be found in study of the picture. Here they will not only get an excellent notion of the interior of the House, but may be able to recognise some of the principal members. There is no mistaking Mr. Fawcett, who sits in the centre corner seat of the Treasury Bench, though I fancy the artist must have paid his visit on some exceptional night, seeing that the modesty of the Post Master General, since he crossed the gangway, is so predominating an influence that he invariably seeks the obscurity of the other and remoter end. But he may have accidentally dropped down there in the emotion of a lingering affection for the days when he sat below the gangway, and might move amendments. Now he only answers questions, and has suddenly discovered that he is one of the most popular members of the House, as he is certainly one of the best Postmaster-Generals known to this generation. Mr. Gladstone is unmistakable, and so is Lord Hartington, with his hat slightly tipped over his forehead. Lord Hartington is, by the way—and the circumstance marks the fidelity of the representation of the scene—one of the few Ministers who wears his hat on the Treasury Bench. There is no rule against the practice. But as a matter of fact Ministers follow the example of the Premier, and sit bare-headed. Lord Beaconsfield, like Mr. Gladstone, did the same, whether in office or opposition, and it was one of the circumstances that tempered his just gratification at promotion to the House of Lords, that when he entered the Chamber he found that the front bench is banked under. In the Commons, the seat being more strictly a bench, there is room to put the hat underneath. In the Lords there is none, and to see the newly made Earl of Beaconsfield desperately trying to project his hat through the plank underneath the seat was one of the most touching spectacles of the year 1877. A great deal has happened since then, and now Lord Beaconsfield knows that a Minister or an ex-Minister in the House of Lords may put his hat on the Table.

On the second bench behind the Treasury Bench sits, amongst others, Sir Charles Forster, who, *à propos des chapeaux*, not only does not wear his hat in the House, but will not cover himself with it in the precincts of Westminster. The stranger standing in the lobby, or wandering about the corridors, will often see a hat coming along, and behind it will recognise the hon. baronet who is Chairman of Committee on Petitions, and represents Walsall. Here also sits Sir George Balfour, on whom a great silence has fallen in the new Parliament. For a brief space Lord Ramsay occupied a seat on this bench previous to removal to another place. Just behind the Premier his younger son Herbert has taken up his position, and is still conning that speech which shall fulfil the promise of his candidature. Mr. Goschen, whose portrait I do not recognise in the picture, which was probably sketched when he was in Constantinople, has taken up a seat at the corner of the third bench behind the Ministers, corresponding with the one on the other side of the House, where sits all the wisdom of Mr. Walpole. Mr. Monk, in the rush of new members, has not succeeded in establishing that reversion to the corner seat below the gangway, which in the last Parliament he occasionally filled as *locum tenens* to Sir Thomas Bazley. Mr. Anderson also has been moved a little down on this bench, the enthusiasm of new members not taking proper account of the claims of their elders. These corner seats are always sought after, being peculiarly advantageous for addressing the House. But it is a secret which has been reserved for a new comer—the more luxurious of the members for Stoke—to discover that, failing a seat on one of the front benches, either below or above the gangway, the best seat is that near the wall facing the gangway. For a member on whom nature has imposed the necessity for a good stretch this is the spot.

The selection of the new Ministry has left out so many distinguished men that there is an exceptional run on corner seats. Just behind Mr. Goschen, Mr. Baxter has taken up his position, and on the opposite side of the gangway sits Mr. Stansfeld, thus making a triad of ex-Ministers in a triangle. Mr. Macdonald, when he is present, which unfortunately is less frequent now than formerly, secures the corner seat by the cross benches, to which Mr. Fawcett was wont to be led. In the frequent absence of the member for Stafford, Mr. Arnold secures by early attendance this favourite seat. Mr. Thomasson, one of the members for Bolton, cannot be traced to any particular seat. At the opening of the sitting, he takes up a place below the gangway, as befits a sterling Radical. But so great is his thirst for the waters of eloquence nightly distilled, that he changes his seat according to the position of the speaker, and his ear trumpet, like the plume of Henry of Navarre, is seen wherever the fight is thickest. It was of Mr. Thomasson that Lord Sherbrooke is reported to have said, as he watched him eagerly drinking in through his ear trumpet the backwash of Parliamentary eloquence, that he "never saw a man so ungrateful for natural advantages."

On the front bench on the other side of the House will be found Sir Stafford Northcote who, by grace of Lord Randolph Churchill, still sits as leader of the Opposition. The artist is quite right in representing Sir Stafford with his hat on, which is the outward and visible sign offered by the right hon. baronet of his being in opposition. On the Treasury Bench he always uncovers. On the Front Opposition Bench, force of six years' habit is still occasionally too strong for him, more especially when he comes down to make a night of it, he stows his hat under the seat; but as often as not he wears it.

I fancy my friend the artist must have paid his visit to the House some months ago, or possibly the forces of old experience are too strong for him. This thought suggests itself on looking at the front bench below the gangway on the Opposition side. There is Mr. Beresford Hope on the corner seat, and next to him the unmistakable figure of Mr. Bentinck—Big Ben as he is named to distinguish him from his more prosperous namesake whom an inscrutable Providence once made Judge-Advocate-General. This bench is now consecrated to the famous Fourth Party. With characteristic inde-

pendence of Conservative trammels Mr. Beresford Hope, who has occupied this or a corresponding position for a quarter of a century, has been evicted, and in his place lolls the great statesman whom Mr. Jacob Bright referred to the other day as "the noble lord, the Member for Woodcock." At various odd times this Session Mr. Bentinck, profiting by an early tide, and favoured by a fair wind, has borne down on his old place, where he is represented in the picture. But these occasions are rare, and their occurrence has suggested to Mr. Gorst or Mr. Balfour the necessity of being in good time in order to support their great leader.

Irish members who follow the lead of Mr. Parnell sit on the benches immediately behind, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say they stand before them, being generally on their legs. I mention of course only a few names that occur to one in looking over the familiar faces. For the rest of members and all that they say and do, are they not written in the pages of the Parliamentary reports or in the more important columns of the Division List?

HENRY W. LUCY

WOMEN VERSUS BLUE-STOCKINGS

DOUBTLESS those who advocate a classical course of studies for the rising female population have a hundred and one good reasons to produce on their own side. It may be that the construing of Latin verses, and solving of problems in Euclid, will render our English girls more useful members of society—but is so much brain culture absolutely necessary? Our chief aim in educating our daughters should be, to render them useful, sensible, and cheerful companions to their future husbands. A woman, of course, may be both highly educated and domesticated, still advanced mental cultivation does, as a rule, unfit women for home use. A girl's school-life is all too short for acquiring everything, and if we begin to cram with Latin and Greek, such trifles as the modern languages and needlework must go to the wall.

There are many colleges for ladies now in existence, where plain sewing, if practised at all, is certainly a very minor consideration. Later on in life it will be little comfort to some poor man whose house is in sore need of setting to rights, and whose shirts are in dire demand of buttons, that his wife has passed a first Cambridge examination.

Women do need a higher education; they require to be educated as housewives. If a man is to be a solicitor, he is as a matter of course, articulated to the law, if he is to be a doctor, he studies surgery and medicine, &c.; whereas a woman without either regular training or experience is on her marriage suddenly called on to govern a household. Of course she manages after a fashion, and gains experience in the course of time, but often at the expense of her husband's pocket, if not of his happiness. Men are apt to look upon the management of a house as a very simple matter indeed; they have no idea of the hundred and one trifles which must be attended to, the difficulties to be surmounted with untrained servants; and they are prone to think that their wives should be better skilled in domestic economy.

This kind of education is not to be met with at schools, but may it not be carried out at home? Girls are too much in the habit of looking forward to home-life after leaving school as one long holiday; and mothers often fall into the same error. The typical modern young lady, having passed her examinations well, and so come to the conclusion that she owns no ordinary intellect, feels that her time is too precious to be wasted over the mending of household linen, or the compounding of puddings for the family dinner. If she is called upon to perform such vulgar offices, she chafes secretly, if not openly, at the work. Why has her education been such as to fit her for nothing but head work? Why has she been struggling for years to pass examinations which promise to be of no earthly use in her future life? Why indeed? It would take a wiser head than her's to answer the question.

Some mothers (all honour be to them!) are still old-fashioned enough to bring up their daughters for use and not for show. That their daughters will live to thank them for it there is little doubt. Let girls learn to turn their hand to any and every kind of housework. Let them learn to bake good bread, and have a light hand at pastry; if they can afford to keep a competent cook later, the knowledge will do them no harm; and if they are forced to be content with an inferior maid-of-all-work, their experience will be a comfort indeed. Let them learn to starch and iron: the getting-up of collars, cuffs, and laces is no great hardship; it is clean and not unpleasant work. There is no more healthy exercise than bed-shaking: therefore instead of droning over the morning papers let the daughters of the house prepare themselves for the morning's work by a round of bed-making. Girls like to wear becoming and stylish dresses: let them by all means do so, but don't encourage extravagance. Let your daughter have a fixed allowance, regulated by your own position in life; let her make her own dresses, and the saving in material and dressmakers' bills will render a moderate sum sufficient.

Where there are two or three grown-up daughters let each in turn take the management of the house; the giving out of stores; the ordering in of fresh supplies; the interviews with butcher and greengrocer; let them, in fact, lighten the mother's work. If girls were more fully occupied England would be a happier and healthier nation. Young men with limited incomes are afraid to propose to girls whose most serious work in life seems to be that of criticising the last new novel, preparing an essay for their pet mutual improvement society, or working out a lesson in perspective. How can they suggest to such a superior kind of creature that they have an income of only 150*l.* a year, and would like her to share it? To share it would mean to work, to engage in menial occupations, to soil the hands. Eliza Jane would laugh at the idea of beginning housekeeping on such a small scale, so she remains faithful to her creed—the man with the comfortable income never arrives, and in the course of ten or twelve years she settles down into a confirmed and melancholy old maid. And the young man?—well, perhaps by the time our heroine has reached her thirty-fifth year he has attained his five or six hundred per annum; then he either chooses a younger bride than his first love, or having so far accomplished his journey alone determines to end his life in single blessedness.

A glance at the labour market proves the evils of over-education. Advertise for a governess, and you have more applications than it is in your power to answer. But are the applicants fitted for the task by their birth and social standing? Not in the least. The greater number of answers will be from the daughters of essentially working people—their mothers before them were perhaps ladies' maids, dressmakers, or small shopkeepers; but the more highly-educated daughters seek genteel employment, so they try to mount a step on the social ladder. This is very well in its way, but if each succeeding generation insists upon mounting one round, will not the ladder become rather top-heavy?

Let girls receive enough education to fit them for their true station in life. If they are born to an independence, let them cultivate what talents they may possess for the benefit of their friends and society in general. A heavy education is scarcely likely to render a woman a more genial companion to her husband. Too much learning rubs off the softness and charm of a woman's mind; there is something more awe-inspiring than loveable about a clever woman.

A certain number of "Miss Blimbings" are doubtless necessary to society; but oh! do not let us become a nation of Blimbings.

Blue stockings are all very well in their way; but the old-fashioned grey and white are far more serviceable for every-day wear.

E. K.



WHEN a novel, not being a professed burlesque, is constructed on principles of positive lunacy—as in the case of "Twixt Friend and Foe," by M. A. Wackerbarth (2 vols.: Remington and Co.)—no ordinary licence can be held to apply. Not one character thinks, feels, or acts as if there were such a thing as common-sense, or even common sanity, in the world. There is enough cleverness in the book to irritate us with the manner in which every incident is made to hang upon diseased ideas and impossible misunderstandings. Indeed, there is hardly a situation in which the persons concerned in it would not have done the direct opposite of what they are made to do. An Indian sunstroke may be sufficient excuse for the feeble and vacillating cruelty with which the hero tries to carry out a villainous scheme of vengeance which nobody in his senses could have mistaken for justice, and for the unhealthy views he takes of everybody and everything. But we are supposed to be studying the psychology, not of sunstroke, but of a true hero; and no similar excuse applies to the crazy blunderings of the other men and women of Kent—a county for which the author, with unconscious humour, claims a larger share of common-sense than is to be found in any other shire. Sympathy with her creations is out of the question. But, on the other hand, she has few of the ordinary faults of novelists, and several merits which are by no means ordinary. She writes good English, knows something about books and nature, and gives enough life to her characters to make us angry with them for their outrageous folly.

Want of common-sense is also the besetting sin of the hero of Mr. Dowling's novel, "Under St. Paul's" (3 vols., Tinsley Bros.). Mr. Dowling is strong in melodrama, where that quality is of small account; we are scarcely surprised that a master of the more violent form of passion and character should fail in the portraiture of a young man whose one trouble is that a hasty perusal of some scientific book has stirred up certain theological doubts which perplex him. The man and the situation are too common to be worked up into tragedy without colours which might in other cases be appropriate enough, but which, in the case of George Osborne, only make us think that he must have been originally a little touched in the brain. A healthy minded and bodied man, as he is supposed to be, would hardly do his best to break the heart and life of the woman he loved because he could not quite make up his mind whether marriage is a matter of time or of eternity. For the rest, Mr. Dowling has given us a most original, entertaining, and, finally, charming heroine, though the greater number of readers will, it is to be feared, like her best before her simultaneous conversions to love and church-going. She, and the travellers' tales of Mr. William Nevill, go far to redeem the shortcomings of a work which is in the main a great deal too sombre and high-flown for its subject. The intentions of the novel are excellent, though its definite purpose is insufficiently clear. The sympathies of the author are obviously and refreshingly with those old paths upon which the majority are content to return. But it would have been more gratifying to learn that Mr. George Osborne lived to discover the not very recondite fact that it is quite possible to be both a *savant* and a Christian. He should have been made a convert to common-sense by a course of Bacon's Essays during his honeymoon.

It is, however, in "A Gilded Shame," by "Owl" (2 vols.: Literary Publishing Society), that want of the commonest sense reaches its superlative degree. The mantle of Mrs. Malaprop herself must surely have fallen upon an author who speaks of "The vapid Cicero of emasculate gratification," with nothing in the context to suggest what he, or she, can possibly intend to mean. "Plucking the fruit of a blossoming orchid" is a feat in natural history only equalled by the farmer of Gotham who tried to reap before he sowed. Mrs. Malaprop comes back again in "There was a sweet doing nothing in her *abandon*, exceedingly capacious," and in "the servants were somewhat relaxative upon this morning." "Her diplomatic cheivance" is a phrase containing a word that is exceedingly favoured by "Owl," apparently on the principle of the old lady who found something very comforting in the sound of "Mesopotamia." The gentleman who "mangled his moustache with the back of his thumb" was certainly a clever fellow. But what is to be made of such a sentence as "The prow of the boat. . . . wakened his idyll of love *négligé*?" These are fair specimens of "Owl's" style, which at any rate has the virtue of consistency in its withering scorn for English grammar and English words. How far such a style conduces to excellence of plot, description, and portraiture of character may be most justly surmised. The curious part of the matter is that "Owl" introduces, as one of her characters, a certain lady whose *role* is to play the part of a Mrs. Malaprop, but whose intentional blunders are not half so grotesque as those which the author makes unconsciously and in his, or her, own person. A good deal of amusement is to be got out of "A Gilded Shame," but as it is certain to be of a rather ill-natured sort, it is scarcely worth indulging.

IN THE HOUR OF NEED

D'YE see that shop at the corner, with the three balls over the door? A pawnshop? Yes, it is, my lad,—just that, and nothing more. Nothing remarkable in that? You see 'em every day? No doubt you do. But wait a bit, and let me say my say.

Four months ago my little wife was as ill as she could be; I thought I should have lost her, but you see she's still with me: I owe her life to *him*, my lad! To who, d'ye ask?—to *who*? To the old man at that popshop there!—and mark me, he's a Jew!

That staggers you! I thought it would. But bear with me a bit; It won't take long to let you have the sense and soul of it: Fanny was ill, and times was bad, and I'd no work to do; Fanny got worse, and then—I took to visiting that Jew.

Fanny got worse, and worse, and worse,—my God! she was *so* ill; And the times, that was so tight before, my lad, got tighter still! I pawned my things—such as they were—and I pawned my wife's things, too, Till nothing was left to pawn—and *still* I had no work to do!

I was starving—downright starving!—and Fanny was almost dead, One night, as I sat, with tight-clasped hands, beside my poor girl's bed; I closed my eyes in a dreamy way,—didn't sleep, you understand;—When I opened 'em I saw the Jew, with a basket in his hand!

He was only a hook-nosed, crook-backed Jew, but he seemed an angel then, For he brought new life to my dying wife, and made her strong again!

If Heaven is full when he dies, I know they'll make room for the Jew! . . . There! that's the short of it, my lad,—and every word is true!

LETO

BIRTH.

On the 19th inst. at 43, Highbury New Park, the wife of ARTHUR LYONS, of a son.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S HOUSE in Holland Park Road is the subject of an article of special interest in the FEBRUARY Part of the MAGAZINE OF ART. The illustrations of the various apartments were made by the kind permission of the President of the Royal Academy, who pronounces them to be the best reproductions of his residence that he has seen.

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The Origin of London.
Oxford Honours.
Et Tu in Arcadia Vivisti. By R. L. Stevenson.
Holiday Customs in Italy.
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1164, 1170, 1176, 1182, 1188, 1194, 1200, 1206, 1212, 1218, 1224, 1230, 1236, 1242, 1248, 1254, 1260, 1266, 1272, 1278, 1284, 1290, 1296, 1302, 1308, 1314, 1320, 1326, 1332, 1338, 1344, 1350, 1356, 1362, 1368, 1374, 1380, 1386, 1392, 1398, 1404, 1410, 1416, 1422, 1428, 1434, 1440, 1446, 1452, 1458, 1464, 1470, 1476, 1482, 1488, 1494, 1500, 1506, 1512, 1518, 1524, 1530, 1536, 1542, 1548, 1554, 1560, 1566, 1572, 1578, 1584, 1590, 1596, 1602, 1608, 1614, 1620, 1626, 1632, 1638, 1644, 1650, 1656, 1662, 1668, 1674, 1680, 1686, 1692, 1698, 1704, 1710, 1716, 1722, 1728, 1734, 1740, 1746, 1752, 1758, 1764, 1770, 1776, 1782, 1788, 1794, 1800, 1806, 1812, 1818, 1824, 1830, 1836, 1842, 1848, 1854, 1860, 1866, 1872, 1878, 1884, 1890, 1896, 1902, 1908, 1914, 1920, 1926, 1932, 1938, 1944, 1950, 1956, 1962, 1968, 1974, 1980, 1986, 1992, 1998, 2004, 2010, 2016, 2022, 2028, 2034, 2040, 2046, 2052, 2058, 2064, 2070, 2076, 2082, 2088, 2094, 2100, 2106, 2112, 2118, 2124, 2130, 2136, 2142, 2148, 2154, 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3156, 3162, 3168, 3174, 3180, 3186, 3192, 3198, 3204, 3210, 3216, 3222, 3228, 3234, 3240, 3246, 3252, 3258, 3264, 3270, 3276, 3282, 3288, 3294, 3300, 3306, 3312, 3318, 3324, 3330, 3336, 3342, 3348, 3354, 3360, 3366, 3372, 3378, 3384, 3390, 3396, 3402, 3408, 3414, 3420, 3426, 3432, 3438, 3444, 3450, 3456, 3462, 3468, 3474, 3480, 3486, 3492, 3498, 3504, 3510, 3516, 3522, 3528, 3534, 3540, 3546, 3552, 3558, 3564, 3570, 3576, 3582, 3588, 3594, 3600, 3606, 3612, 3618, 3624, 3630, 3636, 3642, 3648, 3654, 3660, 3666, 3672, 3678, 3684, 3690, 3696, 3702, 3708, 3714, 3720, 3726, 3732, 3738, 3744, 3750, 3756, 3762, 3768, 3774, 3780, 3786, 3792, 3798, 3804, 3810, 3816, 3822, 3828, 3834, 3840, 3846, 3852, 3858, 3864, 3870, 3876, 3882, 3888, 3894, 3900, 3906, 3912, 3918, 3924, 3930, 3936, 3942, 3948, 3954, 3960, 3966, 3972, 3978, 3984, 3990, 3996, 4002, 4008, 4014, 4020, 4026, 4032, 4038, 4044, 4050, 4056, 4062, 4068, 4074, 4080, 4086, 4092, 4098, 4104, 4110, 4116, 4122, 4128, 4134, 4140, 4146, 4152, 4158, 4164, 4170, 4176, 4182, 4188, 4194, 4200, 4206, 4212, 4218, 4224, 4230, 4236, 4242, 4248, 4254, 4260, 4266, 4272, 4278, 4284, 4290, 4296, 4302, 4308, 4314, 4320, 4326, 4332, 4338, 4344, 4350, 4356, 4362, 4368, 4374, 4380, 4386, 4392, 4398, 4404, 4410, 4416, 4422, 4428, 4434, 4440, 4446, 4452, 4458, 4464, 4470, 4476, 4482, 4488, 4494, 4500, 4506, 4512, 4518, 4524, 4530, 4536, 4542, 4548, 4554, 4560, 4566, 4572, 4578, 4584, 4590, 4596, 4602, 4608, 4614, 4620, 4626, 4632, 4638, 4644, 4650, 4656, 4662, 4668, 4674, 4680, 4686, 4692, 4698, 4704, 4710, 4716, 4722, 4728, 4734, 4740, 4746, 4752, 4758, 4764, 4770, 4776, 4782, 4788, 4794, 4800, 4806, 4812, 4818, 4824, 4830, 4836, 4842, 4848, 4854, 4860, 4866, 4872, 4878, 4884, 4890, 4896, 4902, 4908, 4914, 4920, 4926, 4932, 4938, 4944, 4950, 4956, 4962, 4968, 4974, 4980, 4986, 4992, 4998, 5004, 5010, 5016, 5022, 5028, 5034, 5040, 5046, 5052, 5058, 5064, 5070, 5076, 5082, 5088, 5094, 5100, 5106, 5112, 5118, 5124, 5130, 5136, 5142, 5148, 5154, 5160, 5166, 5172, 5178, 5184, 5190, 5196, 5202, 5208, 5214, 5220, 5226, 5232, 5238, 5244, 5250, 5256, 5262, 5268, 5274, 5280, 5286, 5292, 5298, 5304, 5310, 5316, 5322, 5328, 5334, 5340, 5346, 5352, 5358, 5364, 5370, 5376, 5382, 5388, 5394, 5400, 5406, 5412, 5418, 5424, 5430, 5436, 5442, 5448, 5454, 5460, 5466, 5472, 5478, 5484, 5490, 5496, 5502, 5

THE PRESSMEN OF DICKENS AND THACKERAY

At an early age, full of the buoyant ardour of a knight setting newly forth on the paths of chivalry, to whom the plaguy knocks of a stubborn opponent were unknown, Dickens boldly blew a blast before the Treasure Castle, and down came the drawbridge, and open flew the gates, and laurels were strewn in his path. How could he help a contempt for the poor devils of hacks who came hobbling up to ask charity of the warder? But with Thackeray it was otherwise. Bred in affluence, of great expectations, he found himself stranded just at a time when his barque should have been gaily ploughing the waves towards the Fortunate Isles. He must have felt that he had a great genius; but, devoid of the pleasant audacity of his contemporary Dickens, he came disguised as a palmer, and accepted James's "Not at home" in response to his diffident desire to "see the master." He had to wait when he could ill afford it; but, just as we should never have had that grand example of patience if Job had not been severely tried, so the touch of Thackeray would never have been so subtle and so soothing if he had not been "tried like as we are." Dickens's men are such as we meet now and then; men whom to know is to love, or to hate, or to pity, or to laugh at. Thackeray's world is that of everyday Vanity Fair, in which men are constantly meeting, and along the boulevards of which they take their little children to see the sights of mirth, and mayhap of sorrow, that they themselves have witnessed and wondered at in their younger days. Dickens has selected the oddities merely

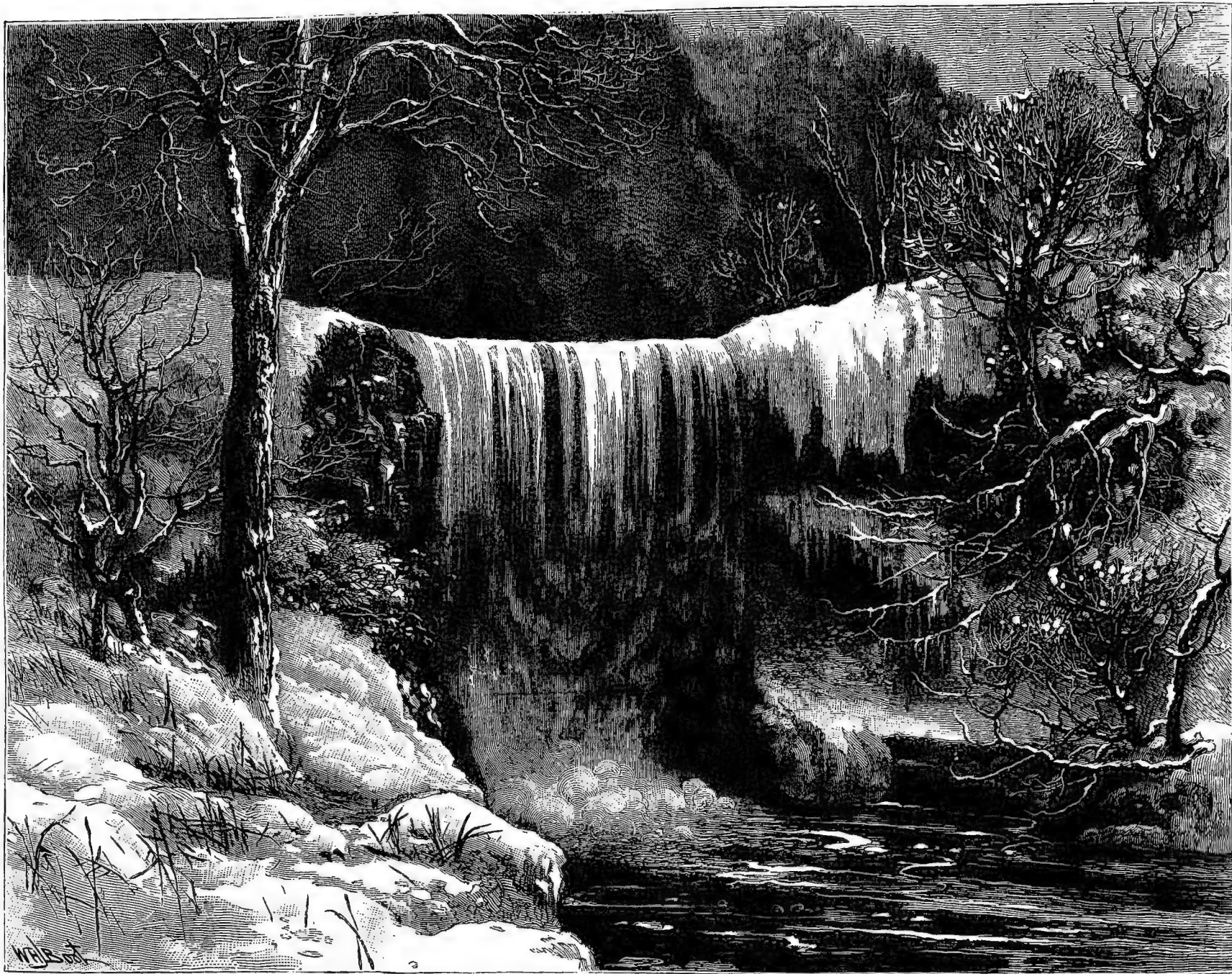
among pressmen. Thackeray has given a glimpse at the whole brotherhood in their habits as they live. Thackeray, in his "Lives of the English Humourists," remarks of Pope that it was perhaps of mainly owing to the violent attack which that condensation of bitterness made upon "all the Grub Street race" that the literary calling was depreciated in the public mind.

"The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of the 'Dunciad.' If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in haylofts of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remaining invisible in the garret, the third at any rate appeared decently at the coffee-house, and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be who reads it?) believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cowheel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children, and clamorous landladies were always associated together."

And what shall we say to Dickens, who set Mr. Pott, of the *Eatonsville Gazette*, and Mr. Slurk, of the *Independent*, to attack each other not only with verbal "humbug," "knavery," "dirt," "filth," "slime," "ditchwater," "malice," "meanness," "falsehood," "perjury," "treachery," and "cant," but actually with a carpet-bag and fire-shovel, bidding a delighted world look on the while? What shall we say to that picture of the war correspondent

of the New York *Rowdy Journal*? "The individual who sat clipping and slicing at the *Rowdy Journals* was a small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly, perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, there is no doubt, from the excessive use of tobacco, which he was at that moment chewing vigorously. He wore his shirt collar turned down over a black ribbon; and his lank hair, a fragile crop, was not only smoothed and parted back from his brow, that none of the Poetry of his aspect might be lost, but had here and there been grubbed up by the roots; which accounted for his loftiest developments being somewhat pimply. He had that order of nose on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation 'snub,' and it was very much turned up at the end as with a lofty scorn. Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman were tokens of a sandy down—so very, very smooth and scant, that, though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread than the fair promise of a moustache. Every time he snipped his scissors he made a corresponding motion with his jaws, which gave him a very terrible appearance."

Who has not read and laughed, and laughing, felt a patronising contempt for the humble sub-editor, who is as necessary to the "mighty engine"—the Press—as the stoker is to the locomotive, who does his painful, thankless work in the weary hours when the capious purchaser of the penny paper is sleeping soundly, who frequently has to wade through an "intolerable deal of sack" in order to find the "poor halfpennyworth of bread" which is grumblingly and quickly devoured by a "discerning public?"



WINTER ASPECT OF THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA, MINNESOTA, U. S. A.

"In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha

Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."—LONGFELLOW'S *"Song of Hiawatha."*

The "ravenous little pens" of the poor penny-a-liners are not allowed to escape Dickens's eagle glance. At the inquest upon the nameless one in "Bleak House" we read how "the beadle is very careful that two gentlemen, not very neat about the cuffs and buttons, should see all that is to be seen. For they are the public chroniclers of such events, by the line; and he is not superior to the universal human infirmity, but hopes to read in print what 'Mooney, the active and intelligent beadle of the district,' said and did."

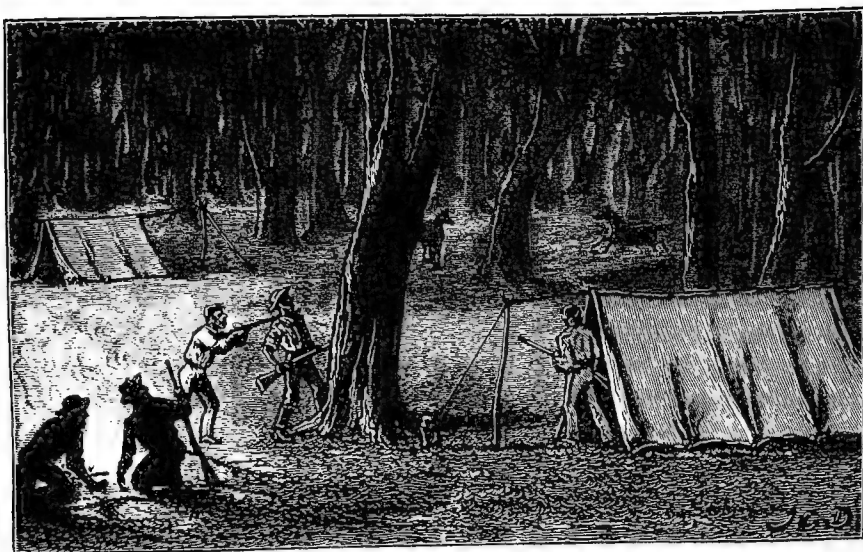
All this is amusing, it is all true, but yet its tendency is to degrade the journalistic calling, to make it contemptible in the eyes of thoughtless people, which must have been very far from Dickens's intention. The journalists of Thackeray's novels are such as he met and talked with every day. A pressman at once recognises them as brothers in his craft, and although fashions have altered somewhat not one of them looks dowdy. They are all real average men, from Tom Potts, the reporter of the *Newcome Independent*, to George Warrington, the polished writer, and dear old Diogenes of Lamb Court, Temple. The foibles of the literary man are gently and lovingly touched by him. That picture of the reckless, good-natured, clever Captain Shandon in the Fleet Prison, is plaintive enough but not sordid. "The room, though bare, was not uncheerful. The sun was shining in at the window—near which sat a lady at work, who had been young and beautiful once, but in whose faded face kindness and tenderness still beamed. Through all his errors and reckless mishaps and misfortunes, this faithful creature adored her husband, and thought him the best and cleverest, as, indeed, he was one of the kindest of men." Who can forget with what gentleness he, to use a common phrase, let his brethren down, when in his series of "Snob Papers" he wrote that paper on literary

snobs? Although he said, addressing his imaginary querist, "You have a very bad opinion, indeed, of the present state of literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour's penman if the latter's death could do the State any service," his own experience taught him that men are human—he smiled sadly when he thought of the meagre reward the State rendered for literary service. "Literature is held in such honour in England that there is a sum of near twelve hundred pounds annually set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are generally so rich and thrifty that scarcely any money is wanted to help them." That needs no commentary, even the wayfaring man can read between the lines. But the mighty hand which had used the lash on military buckskin, and even on "the cloth," paused and passed over the land of Bohemia as the destroying angel did over the dwellings of the Israelites in Egypt. The conceited, but amiable, Arthur Pendennis, honest Jack Finucane, the sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Jack Archer, journalist and wonderful drawer of the long-bow, Philip Firmin, Paris correspondent, are such men as we all know. The writer owns to having an affection for Arthur Pendennis, in spite of his priggishness, and is ready to maintain that there is not a grander bit of pathos in any novel than the reconciliation of Mrs. Pendennis and her son. At the risk of being wearisome, the following quotation from "Pendennis" is given as illustrating the different manner in which Thackeray depicted newspaper warfare, to that referred to as Dickens's contribution to the same subject in the wars of the celebrated *Eatonsville* papers. Mr. Doolan, of the Liberal *Dawn*,

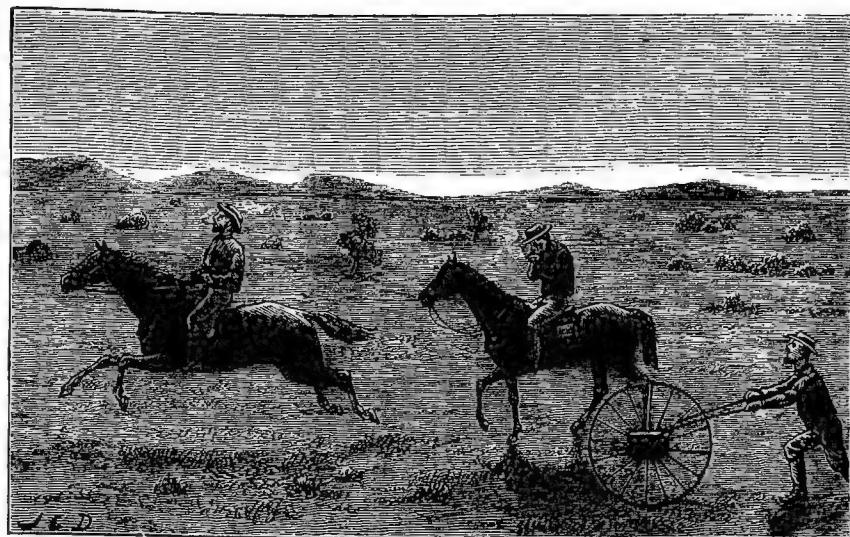
and Mr. Hoolan, of the ultra-Conservative *Day*, are close private friends. "How's Mrs. Doolan?" says Hoolan. "Doing pretty well, thank ye, Mick, my boy. Faith, she's accustomed to it," said Doolan. "How's the lady that owns ye? Maybe, I'll step down Sunday, and have a glass of punch, Kilburn way." "Don't bring Patsy with you, for our Georgey's got the measles, &c." And George Warrington pointed out to Pen one of the leading articles in the *Dawn*, which commenced thus:—"As rogues of note in former days, who had some wicked work to perform, an enemy to put out of the way, a quantity of false coin to be passed, a lie to be told, or a murder to be done, employed a professional perjurer or assassin to do the work, which they were themselves too notorious or too cowardly to execute; our notorious contemporary, the *Day*, engages smashers out of doors to do forgeries against individuals, and calls in auxiliary cutthroats to murder the reputation of those who offended him, &c." And the harmless Doolan and Hoolan were eating kidneys and drinking stout together!

Enough has been said by way of comparison. Pressmen deserved better at the hands of Dickens than they received. His laughter rings in everybody's ears. Mr. Mungo Shoddy, J.P., pokes his pleasantries at an editor on the strength of the *Eatonsville Gazette*. Thackeray's satire heals while it cauterises, but Dickens's laugh selects the victim for the horseplay of the multitude. "Up into the pillory with him," says the showman. "Look at his shamed face, look at his snub nose; here's a poet for you; here's a toiler up Parnassus." And he means no more than that you should laugh, and never contemplated the brutal growl, "Eave arf a brick at 'im." But when a poor wretch is in the pillory he cannot help himself.

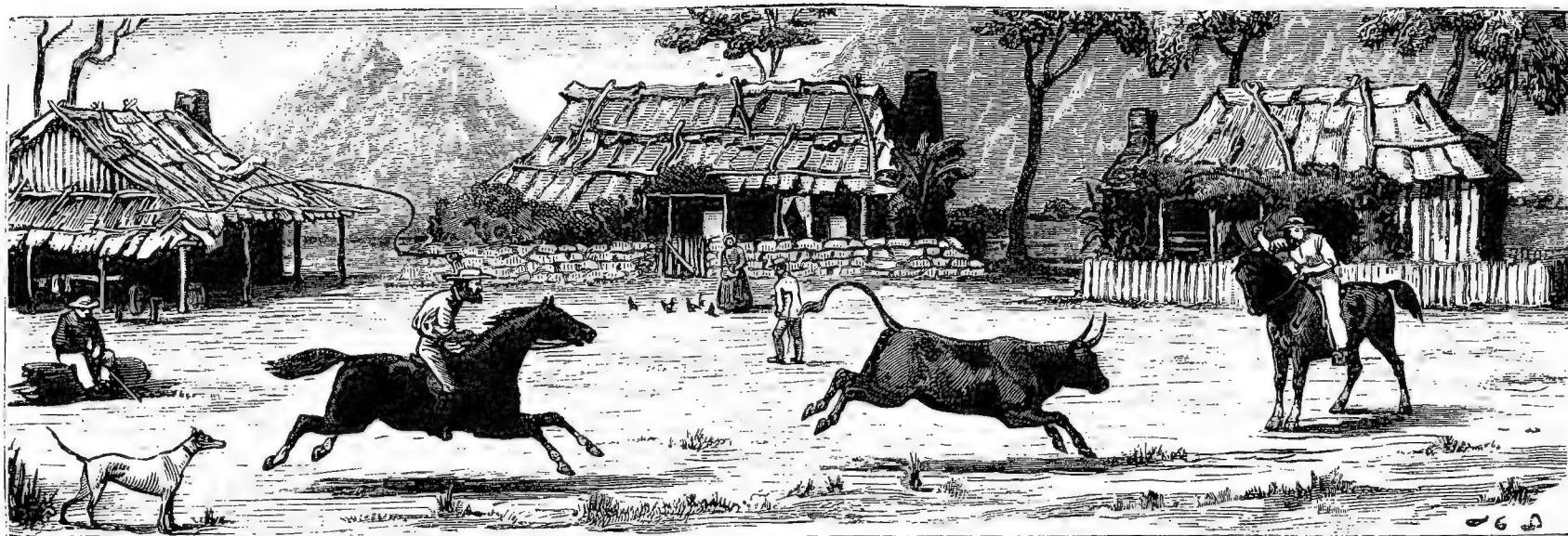
T. H. NORTH



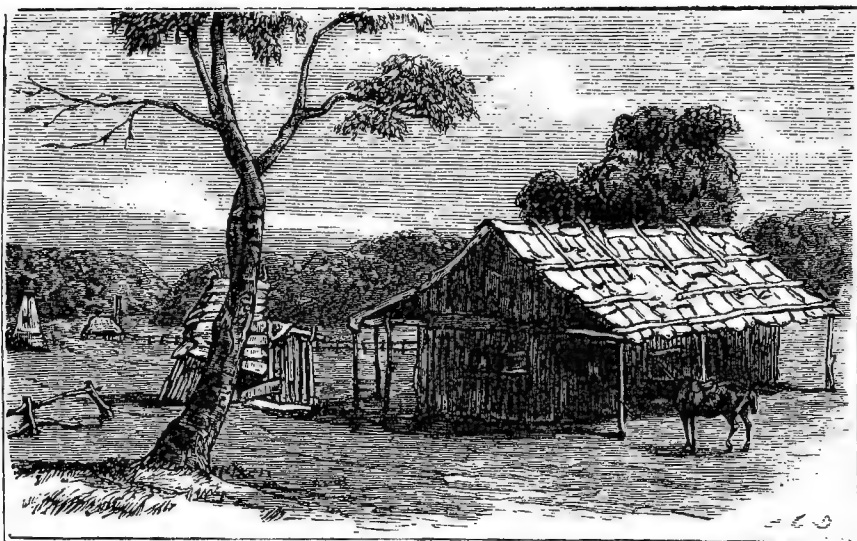
A NIGHT ALARM



SURVEYING PASTORAL LAND—"THAT'LL DO, LADS, FOR TO-DAY: SIXTEEN MILES FROM LAST CAMP IS A FAIR DAY'S WORK"



CATTLE STATION IN THE FAR NORTH OF QUEENSLAND



OLD BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES, GEORGETOWN, NORTHERN QUEENSLAND



SURVEYING AGRICULTURAL LAND—"RIGHT—40 CHAINS TO-DAY, KNOCK OFF, MEN"



THE GOLD ESCORT ON THE MARCH
NOTES IN QUEENSLAND

deodorising effect of smoke and vapour which may possibly neutralise or destroy disease germs. In one sense, therefore, we must regard our London fogs as being useful and wholesome. But most people would prefer a clear sky, and to take their chance of the disease germs.

The large male sea lion of the Brighton Aquarium has just died of heart disease. This animal and his consort are remarkable as being the parents of the only one of the seal family which has ever been born in captivity. Their young one, born in May, 1877, is now much larger than its mother. The body of the dead sea lion measures 8 feet 5 inches, its greatest girth being 5 feet 3 inches. There is some doubt as to its particular species, which will only be solved when the bones of the head have been fully examined.

A fire alarm of a very ingenious and simple character has been invented by M. Dupré. It consists of little more than a piece of board and two bent rods of brass, the relation of which to one another can be seen by the annexed diagram (Fig. 1). The rod (B) is fixed, but the other one is free to move downwards by the action of the weight (w). Between the two lower projections of the rods is a piece of tallow (T). When the heat of the surrounding atmosphere becomes hot enough to melt this tallow, the rod (A) immediately drops and makes contact with (B), with the result that an electric bell in connection with the two buttons above is called into action to give an alarm. The reason that the contact is made at the higher end of the rods is that the melted tallow below would form an insulating layer through which the current would not pass.

Many inventors have devoted their labours to improved methods of raising sunken vessels, and the schemes that have been suggested for the purpose are most varied in their nature. The Rev. C. Brown of Sheffield has just introduced a method of raising ships which certainly has the merit of novelty about it, and which would seem from its simple nature to be feasible. In most schemes of the kind means are adopted for attaching pontoons or air-bags to the sunken vessel, and afterwards pumping air into them from above, so that their buoyancy will lift up the attached weight. Mr. Brown does away with the pumps entirely, and fills the bags or the pontoons with gas which is manufactured below the water at the time of operation.

Fig. 2 is a sectional diagram of one kind of apparatus employed—of which the others are modifications. It consists of a metallic shell (A), having a neck (M) above, and a nozzle (N) below, to which a bag can be attached. The neck (M) is filled with a pyrotechnic mixture, which can be fired by means of an electric fuze in connection with the wires seen at the side, and which, of course, can be carried to any desired spot. The charge, when fired, gives off an immense quantity of gas, which is cooled as it circulates in the globe (A), and is afterwards collected in the bag attached to the nozzle (N). Several such bags, with their accompanying charges, could be filled simultaneously, and would, of course, exert an immense lifting power on any submerged object to which they were attached. We should be glad to learn that this invention had been put to practical trial.

The photophone seems to have turned the attention of many people to that strange elementary body, selenium, which, it will be remembered, alters its conductivity with the amount of light to which it is subjected. M. Leon Vidal has contrived with it a photometer for the use of photographers. Another French gentleman has turned it to account in the process of burning in the colours for stained glass windows. When the "muffle" furnace in which the glass is baked reaches a red heat its light

is made to act upon a selenium cell, a warning bell immediately rings, and the action of the furnace is automatically checked. It may be here remarked that some experiments carried out in Paris lead to the supposition that the sounds obtained by Professor Bell from various substances in connection with his photophone researches may be due, not to light, but to radiant heat. It is asserted that precisely the same effects can be obtained from the heat of a gas jet—unaided by a lens.

An electric motor for domestic purposes, which weighs but 2½ lbs., has been brought by its inventor, Mr. Griscom, before the Franklin Institute. It can be applied to a sewing machine, a small lathe, or to anything of a like nature which only requires little force. For use with a sewing machine the motor is so connected with a battery that the pressure of the foot upon a treadle will raise the battery plates from their solution, and at once reduce the power. In this manner a speed of 800 stitches per minute can at will be reduced to 20 or 30 stitches a minute. Of course there is the inevitable battery, with its train of troubles and uncertainties. For this reason alone most workers would prefer clockwork, or water power, or would rather work the domestic treadmill in the old way.

It is under consideration to make the London clocks tally with one another by means of pneumatic motive power—a plan which has been adopted with success in Paris. Something of this kind is certainly needed in our suburbs, where public clocks can be found, which are never quite right. Even in our railway stations the clock may be often seen with a sheet of paper pasted over the dial as a hint that it is under repair. On some lines this is of no consequence—indeed, they might dispense with clocks altogether—for they never consult them.

T. C. H.

A BRIBERY PROSECUTION.—At the Worcester Assizes last week an action was brought to recover penalties for bribery committed at the municipal election in November, 1879. In the pleadings it was stated that the defendant had bribed fifty persons, but the jury gave a verdict on two cases only, with 400l. damages.

THE CITY REMEMBRANCE, who it is whispered has been called on by the Common Council to resign, has commenced an action for libel against a Mr. Lister, who, it is alleged, upon being dismissed from a clerkship under Mr. Roberts, sent a letter to the *Citizen* newspaper, saying that he "declined to be a party to any more tampering with the books."

CABMEN AND THE WEATHER.—The few cab-drivers who have ventured abroad during the week have reaped a golden harvest

in extra fares, willingly paid, we should imagine, by snow-bound wayfarers. Such extra charges, however, are not legal, as one poor knight of the whip has found to his cost, having been fined 12s. and costs for making what the magistrate considered extortionate demands. He was locked up in default, but released next day, the fine being paid by a gentleman who inquired into the case. Cab-fine fares, instead of being irrevocably fixed by Act of Parliament, should be, as in Paris, under municipal regulation, and, therefore, alterable at the pleasure of the authorities.

THE DYSART PEERAGE dispute has again occupied the attention of the House of Lords for three days during this week and last, and the hearing is further adjourned until February 7th.

ATTEMPTS TO UPSET TRAINS.—Henry Taylor, the man who was arrested for putting a sleeper on the South-Eastern Railway, near Tunbridge, in November last, has been convicted, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. He, however, protests his innocence, alleging that his statement to the police had been misrepresented.—At the Manchester Assizes, ten years' penal servitude has been allotted to a man who on the 16th December was seen to throw stones at a train, and afterwards to place two metal "chairs" and a "sleeper" upon the line at Ashton.

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.—A labouring man belonging to this sect has just been tried at Maidstone for the manslaughter of his child in wilfully neglecting to call in medical aid, for lack of which it had died from diarrhoea. He was convicted, but merely ordered to come up for judgment if called upon, the evidence showing that he was a kind and affectionate father, and that in abstaining from fetching a doctor he had acted from deep religious convictions.

A GAMBLING TRANSACTION.—In the Common Pleas Division, on Tuesday, a verdict was given in favour of a plaintiff who sought to recover 100l., money paid for backing a racehorse on behalf of the defendant; and Mr. Justice Grove said that he supposed that the plaintiff was entitled to costs, although it was a gambling transaction. A singular feature of the case was that the instructions to make the bet were given while the parties were in church together.

THE ALLEGED SPIRITUALISTIC FRAUDS.—The magisterial inquiry into the charge brought by Mrs. Davies against Mrs. Fletcher appears to be needlessly protracted, another adjournment having been granted after a two days' hearing last week before Mr. Flowers, who, however, expressed a hope that the cross-examining counsel would not unnecessarily prolong the case, whilst the prosecutrix complained of being worn out by its long continuation. Many letters written by the parties to each other were read in Court, and some items of evidence were so ludicrous as to excite much laughter, e.g., the statement that Mr. Fletcher "recognised an influence" in a box of clothing received from Mrs. Davies, but which did not belong to her but to one of her servants; and the *naïve* confession in one of the letters "that the spirits could not force the mails through the snow."

AN HOTEL ROBBERY is reported from Glasgow, about 9,000l. worth of jewellery having been successfully carried off from the sleeping apartment engaged by a jeweller's traveller while he was at dinner. A reward of 500l. is offered for the recovery of the property.

CHAMPAGNE v. ZOEDONE.—The keeper of a dancing-room at Manchester, being the other day summoned for selling champagne without a licence, effectually turned the tables on the informing detectives by proving that though they had called for champagne, they had been supplied with zoedone.

CABBY'S LATEST GRIEVANCE.—A cabman who had obtained a magisterial order for the payment of a disputed fare stated to Mr. Paget that he had lost several days in an unsuccessful attempt to serve a summons on the defendant. The man asked for advice as to what he should do. Mr. Paget informed him that, under the old law, he had a speedy remedy, but the Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1879 deprived him of it, but that now he could recover what was due to him only through the medium of the County Court. A question was asked on this subject in the House of Commons. The Home Secretary replied that Mr. Paget was right, and further stated that "cabmen now stood on the same footing as everybody else as regards the recovery of small debts," and that "he did not see his way to introducing a special law in their behalf." It is to be hoped, however, that Sir William Harcourt may be enabled to extend his charitable vision in this particular direction, so that a hard-worked and exceedingly useful body of men may not be exposed to unnecessary loss and inconvenience. On the face of it, it may seem that the legal machinery that serves to regulate matters between ordinary debtors and creditors, as regards small debts, should be sufficient for the settlement of disputes between cabmen and their fares; but it must be borne in mind that there are difficulties and obstacles in the way of the drivers of our public vehicles that ordinary folk are to a great extent secured against. As a rule, the person who incurs a debt with another has a fixed local abode, and a summons can at any time be served on him, but a "fare" with whom the cabman has a dispute may be sojourning for a day or two merely at an hotel or boarding-house, and ere the County Court summons can be issued he may be gone away to parts unknown. Or a demurring fare may be set down at a railway station, or at the street corner, and the driver has no option but to accept any name and address that may be tendered to him, and take the risk of going to law, or accept less than his due, and say no more about it. Under the new Act the cabman is quite at the mercy of deliberately dishonest individuals; and since he is bound by law to carry any one who may choose to hire him, he is sure to meet with such now and then. They will avail themselves of his services, and, arrived at the journey's end, excuse themselves from paying on some plausible pretence or other, tender him a fictitious address, and, if he grumbles, recommend him to apply to the County Court for a remedy; which, in nine cases in ten, he will not be so foolish as to do. It seems a pity that the old law affecting the recovery of cab fares was interfered with. The process was a prompt one, and gave satisfaction. Perhaps the Chief Commissioner of Police, who is recognised by cabmen as one of their best friends, might be induced to intercede for them in this matter.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.—With his brave little army of less than five hundred men—including superintendents and all ranks—Captain Shaw, in his annual report on fires, is able once again to render a satisfactory account of his various encounters with the common enemy. During the year 1880 there were made at the 52 fire-engine stations distributed throughout the metropolis 2,194 "calls," of which, however, 206 were false alarms and 117 ignited chimney flues. The number of "fires" worthy to be so called were 1,871—1,709 of these being recorded as slight, and 162 serious. It appears that these figures are in excess of those returned for 1879 and the year preceding, but they represent comparatively a loss of property considerably less than that shown in any previous corresponding period. The difference is said to be due mainly to the improved organisation of the forces under Captain Shaw's command, and to increased appliances in the shape of "call points" for giving speedy notice to the sentinels on duty at the fire-stations as to where a conflagration is raging or threatening. The statistics of the Report include mention of 33 deaths by fire or suffocation, which cannot be regarded as a very heavy list considering the imminent peril of house-dwellers—especially of those who reside in domiciles crowded with lodgers, including women and children—when a sudden conflagration manifests itself at dead of night, and everybody is a-bed and asleep. That the number of fatalities is not greater is doubtless due to the dauntless courage of the Brigade men, and to the increase of life-saving appliances in the shape of fire-escapes and long ladders, which reckon 135 in all. As

regards the "call points" just alluded to, Captain Shaw has something to say that deserves the attention of the police and all who are interested in putting down the idiotic pranks of the "practical joker." These "call points," which are in appearance something like the pillar letter box, have a moveable slide, by means of which a button may be pressed or pulled, the result being that those on duty at the nearest fire station are instantly apprised, and need no further inducement to horse the engine, and proceed with all speed to the spot. This novelty, which is of quite recent adoption, has, it seems, considerable attraction for those who delight to play monkey tricks under cover of the darkness of night. In 44 cases the said mechanical "calls" have been of real service, but in 33 other cases the instrument has been manipulated "just for a lark," and the firemen, responding and arriving at the spot indicated, have been hoaxed. One offender was captured red-handed, and sent to prison for fourteen days without option of fine, and no one will think the penalty too severe if the next forwarder of false fire messages is sentenced to twice fourteen days, or double or treble that again, should mild correction fail to effect a cure. Captain Shaw hints that such malpractices of the evil-disposed may eventually compel the authorities to abandon what is really a very valuable auxiliary, but could not its integrity be preserved by means of a lock, the key being in the keeping of the policeman on duty? In the United States the key is kept by the householder whose dwelling is opposite the fire alarm.

AN UNSEASONABLE STRIKE.—The almost arctic weather that has prevailed in the metropolis during the past week has been turned to good account by those providers of our necessities who are ever on the alert to take advantage of the situation, and as usual the coal traffickers are to the fore. Within the brief space of ten days coal has advanced from 25s. the ton to 32s.. Thus far, the "rise" has not been exorbitant, or such as is not justified by other events, besides the primary difficulties with which the coal merchant has just now to contend. Not only has the Thames been rendered almost unnavigable for barges by reason of the miniature icebergs that increase and multiply with every tide. Thanks to the dilatoriness or the incapacity of parochial guardians, the majority of our highways, and nearly all the side streets, were so deeply covered with snow or snow slush that it was necessary to supplement to an extent of at least double the ordinary horse power of laden vans and waggons. Even at this increased expense, however, the conveyance of loads from one point to another was a slow and tedious process, and scarcely more than half the usual amount of work could be performed by the straining teams. To such unavoidable evils, however, there is nothing for the patient householder but to submit, and to pay the extra price demanded for the replenishment of his coal-cellar with meek resignation. But it is, to say the least of it, unfortunate that at such a time the fuel difficulty should be alarmingly increased by a widespread strike amongst the coal-mining fraternity, that even factories in the immediate vicinity of the pit's mouth are driven to all manner of ingenious contrivances to keep the furnaces going. So hotly determined are thousands of rebellious Lancashire pit lads to prevent the getting of coal except at a price that they approve of, that it has been found necessary to dispatch large bodies of infantry and cavalry to protect the property and persons of mine-owners. It seems somehow impossible permanently to reconcile master and man when coal is the bone of contention between them. It was but the other day in another part of the country that a great deputation of starving miners waited on their employers imploring a rise of sixpence a day on their wages, and the reply made then was that it was impossible, since the coal was actually being sold at the pit's mouth at such a poor price that it did not leave a penny profit to the owners. Now we read that in certain districts pit "slack," mere dust and chippings, that is, is now realising more than the best Welsh coal a few weeks ago. It may be true that the Londoner's yearning fire-grate is the pitman's opportunity, but it would certainly be a great convenience, especially to our half-frozen poor, if the coal interest would adjourn the adjustment of its disturbances until the spring or summer.

DIRECTORIES, &c.—We must notice with exceeding brevity several volumes of the useful sort, although their sterling merits are far above those of most of the works of fiction with which we are inundated.—"Thom's Official Directory," now in its thirty-eighth year, is published in Dublin, and contains a vast mass of information of especial interest to inhabitants of the sister island.—Street's "Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory" ought to lie on every merchant's desk. Besides its chief *raison d'être*, the list of firms, it contains concise notes on the various countries, and a number of well-executed maps.—Gordon and Gotch's "Australian Hand Book" is well known to us in former editions. It contains everything that one can want to know about the Antipodes, clearly and succinctly arranged, is well furnished with maps, and is corrected up to the latest day. With this edition is given a new map of Australia in two sheets, by Mr. A. J. Skene of Victoria. In point of names it is the most complete we have seen, but it is not engraved with that admirable distinctness which marks the cartographic work of our German neighbours.—Of Webster's "Royal Red Book" we need only say that it is one of the most favourite of guides to what used to be called the "Court-end" of London.—"Who's Who?" is always popular, because it is very compact, and because it gives the age of everybody who is anybody. Last year we noted that the Home Rulers were the youngest men in the House of Commons. This year we are glad to see that twenty out of twenty-one M.P.'s under thirty represent English boroughs. In these days of long sittings and frequent divisions youth and agility are valuable qualities.—"Abbott's Stock and Share Almanac" is a delightful, but, perhaps, scarcely moral little volume. We question its moral tendencies, because we have been reading about "put and call," "options," and "contangoes," till we want to try our luck in the lottery. Seriously, it contains a mine of information for investors, prefixed to which is a capital account of the Bourses and Stock Exchanges of the leading cities of the world.—Of the "Clergy Directory," published by Thomas Bosworth, it is enough to say that it is the book of the kind, being a complete directory to the clerical officers of the Church of England.—They do some things better in America than in England. For instance, we know of nothing here equal in fulness, yet compactness of information, to G. P. Rowell and Co.'s "American Newspaper Guide." There are upwards of 10,000 newspapers in Canada and the States (how little Columbus expected such a result when he discovered that great continent!), and their circulation is ingeniously indicated by an alphabetical dodge. The States are getting very polyglot: there are a good many French, and quite a host of German newspapers.—Reeves' "Musical Directory" tells us all about the harmonious world, and seems as complete in its information as can be desired.—Lastly, we have the "Wheelman's Year Book, Almanac, and Diary" (W. D. Welford, Newcastle-on-Tyne), full of information useful for those riders of the iron horse, who used to be called bicyclists, but who now are adopting from their American cousins the more simple and Saxon word "Wheelmen." Really a very interesting book, and with some funny pictures. Every "wheelman" should buy it. Only one shilling!

SLEEPING OUT OF DOORS IN THE SNOW is generally considered more a misfortune than a fault, but a zealous New York justice recently thought otherwise, as he fined a woman 4s. for being arrested in a nearly frozen condition the night before.

AFGHAN WAR RELIEF FUND.—A Grand Military Assault at Arms and Gymnastic performance in aid of the Afghan War Relief Fund will take place at the Albert Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 2.30 p.m.



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CABMEN AND THE WEATHER.—The few cab-drivers who have ventured abroad during the week have reaped a golden harvest



TAKING A DIVISION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—THE TELLERS AT THE TABLE
CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY PORTRAITS

ENO'S FRUIT SALT. HEALTH MAXIMS.



"How is Mr. —?"
"Well, Sir, look at his plate. Takes ENO'S FRUIT SALT now."

DYSPEPSIA CAN BE UNIFORMLY CURED—AND ALWAYS AVOIDED—BY THE FOLLOWING RULES:—

1. Eat thrice a day.
2. Not an atom between meals.
3. Nothing after noon-day dinner but some old bread and butter, and one cup of hot drink.
4. Spend at least half-an-hour at each meal.
5. Cut up all animal food into pea-sized pieces (also well chewed).
6. Never eat so much as to cause the slightest uncomfortable sensation afterwards.
7. Never work or study hard within half-an-hour of eating.

THE MOST UNIVERSAL CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA IS EATING TOO FAST, TOO OFTEN, AND TOO MUCH.—DYSPEPSIA is nearly always the result of too short an interval between the times of eating! With a five hours' interval the disease would become a rarity in the next generation. If this rule of five hours between meals, and nothing between, were to be rigidly observed from the age of five years, dyspepsia would soon become an almost unknown malady.—[DR. HALL.]

THE DIET GENERALLY SUITABLE TO THE DYSPEPTIC is that which combines most nutriment with least bulk—raw native oysters (chewed) with fresh lemon-juice, they enrich the blood with least effort.—J. C. E.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE.—Good Food. How to enjoy good food that would otherwise cause Bilious Headache, Disordered Stomach, Poisoned Blood, &c., &c., USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is the best Preventative and Cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Fevers, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Feverishness, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, Constipation, Vomiting, Sea-Sickness, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of ERRORS in Eating or Drinking, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

HOW TO ASSIST NATURE WITHOUT HAZARDOUS FORCE.—A gentleman, who is now above threescore years and ten, writes:—"I have for a long time used ENO'S FRUIT SALT. I have found it an effective yet gentle aperient, very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, especially such as exercise, not the limbs, but the brain, and frequently require to assist nature without hazardous force. It acts according to the quantity taken, either as a relieving medicine, or as a cooling and refreshing drink: and I am convinced that it does not weaken when it stimulates."



IN cases of irritability of the stomach, nausea, vomiting, sea sickness, rheumatism, gout, and many other of the ills which human flesh is heir to, ENO'S FRUIT SALT not only claims, but has been proved again and again to possess remedial properties of a marvellously high order, and no household that wisely consults the comfort and safety of its members—whether located under the sun of England or India, of Southern Africa, the West Indies, or Australasia—will neglect to provide itself with a safeguard to health at once so pure, simple, and effective as the preparation which has caused the Patentee's name to be a household word from one end of the earth to the other.—*European Mail*, Nov. 5, 1880.

SAD, BUT TRUE.—The history of mankind convinces us that disasters are in reality step-ping-stones for higher progress. To prevent disastrous diseases from poisoned blood, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. No one can have a more efficient remedy. By its use the poison is thrown off, and the blood restored to its healthy condition by natural means. I used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of ABOMINABLE IMITATIONS are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

HOW TO PREVENT PREMATURE DEATH FROM DISEASE.—Use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is, in truth, a Family Medicine Chest in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is in the highest degree invigorating, and the effect in giving tone to the system and aiding digestion is most striking. It ought to be kept in every bedroom in readiness for any emergency; without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. The action of the FRUIT SALT is entirely in accordance with nature, its use is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health, and the prolongation of life (you cannot overstate its value), and some day it will be acknowledged by the whole world to be the greatest blessing bestowed upon man for the prevention of all disastrous diseases.

DIRECTIONS, IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES, HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.

CAUTION.—LEGAL RIGHTS ARE PROTECTED IN EVERY CIVILISED COUNTRY.

Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

CHAPMAN'S GREAT ANNUAL SALE, FEBRUARY, 1881.

EXTRAORDINARY AND REMARKABLE BARGAINS.

CUSTOMERS WHO SPEND ONE SOVEREIGN WILL RECEIVE NEARLY THE VALUE OF TWO VELVETEENS.

HUNDREDS OF BOXES NOW IN STOCK DYED BY A NEW PROCESS.



The Queen says: "The Louis Velveteen is capital." For every purpose to which Black Velvet may be applied, we can recommend the LOUIS VELVETEEN.

LOUIS VELVETEENS.

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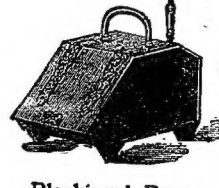
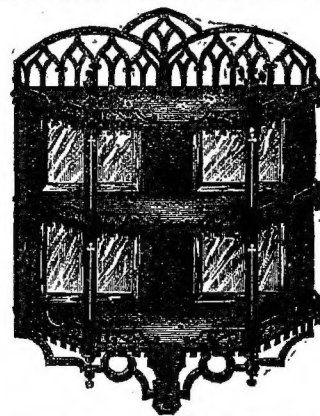
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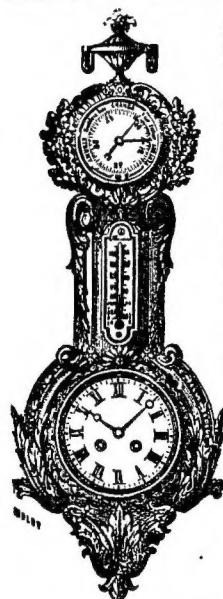
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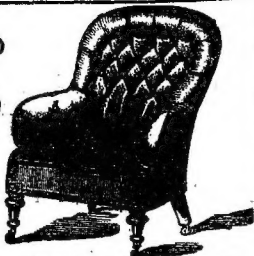
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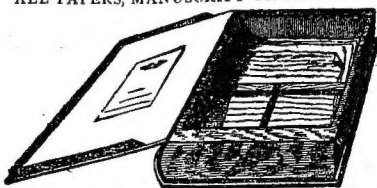
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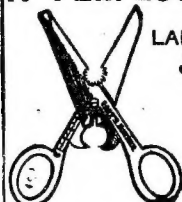
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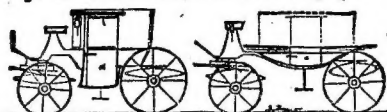


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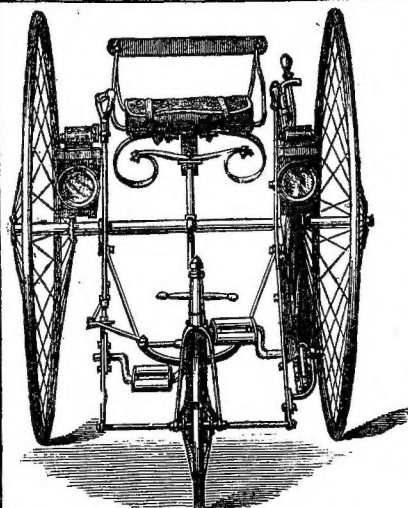
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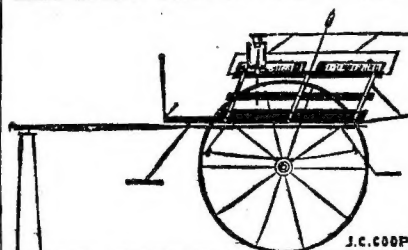
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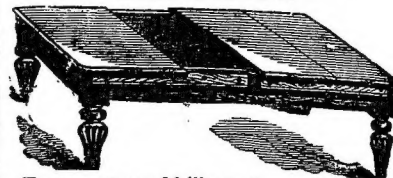
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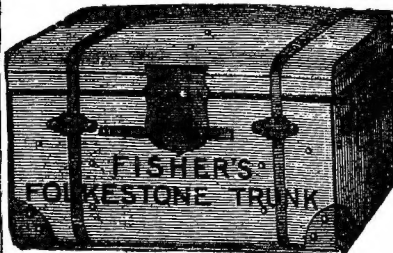
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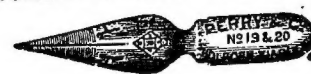
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